TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Before going away fishing, and knowing that I could not contribute to this page owing to my location—far from mails and telegraph—I left for us this week the following replies to letters received some time ago. Next week I hope to be with you again, freshened by three weeks' of camping and communion with Nature and the pleasant gentlemen in whose company I am. I have been asked to say what is the most important crisis in life, and to write about death-bed repentances.

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The great crisis of life is not when we die. It comes, as a rule, long before the end of life, and it fixes the worth, manner and meaning of it. Of course every phase of man's life is not decided at one time or by one event. When we are young and sentimental a love episode is apt to decide the future of the most beautiful or unbeautiful side of life. It may be calf-love or folly of a more mature sort. It is apt to be the sprouting into the cold and uncongenial air of our tenderest self, and if it is frost bitten or trampled upon it never grows again as prettily and sweetly as before. Then in business, the commercial world which we know and which knows us, gives us just one good, fair fighting chance, and if there is anything in us it is recognized and rewarded. If we have no size, no capacity for seizing the opportunity, it is noted and future deals are governed by the observations made when we were on trial. Spiritually the preachers tell us that there is a time when the heart hardens and the Master ceases to knock at the door. Every other side of life suggests the truth of this. It is hard to tell when we decided, but there is a moment when the decision is made, and after that, socially, commercially, spiritually revoking the verdict is twice difficult and is seldom accomplished without a general upheaval of the whole structure of life.

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I recollect a bright and handsome boy of eighteen who was a student in my charge when I was teaching in a western academy. He had always had the reputation of being wild, but up to a certain point was controllable. One day I noticed that he had changed for the worse and day by day the change grew more marked. Within a week he had become a regular tough. I could stand it no longer and as my class of some twenty was going down the stair to the assembly room he acted in a brutal manner to a delicate lad much smaller and weaker than himself. I seized him by the collar and demanded an explanation. His handsome face flushed and his strong shoulders were thrown back as he retorted, "I'm not making personal explanations to aschoolmaster." "When I came into this schoolhouse," I answered as mildly as I could, "you were a wild, bad boy, but you preserved the general demeanor of a gentleman. Within the last week you have adopted the manner and voice of a tough!" The boys looked at one another as if they knew what had changed him, but he glared at me with the sullen hatred of a person who felt no restraint. Suddenly whipping out an ugly knife he demanded immediate release. We stood at the head of the stair and there was murder in his eye. I threw him down the steps before he had time to do me harm and his knife fell with him. I was thankful to see him rise unharmed and pick up his weapon, even though he hurled nasty words at me from below. That night he stabbed a man in a saloon and was a fugitive for three months when he ended his life in a bar-room row in Texas. I found that he had whipped a man in a low resort and had been lionized for it and that fixed his tastes a few days before his trouble with me. At that hour he decided to be tough and abandoned his gentlemanly exterior. When he died the most brilliant student and brightest mind I ever knew was darkened, and the father of a genius was shamed. This boy's decision is what I call a crisis. At his death there was no crisis—his future had been settled three months before.

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The business man who is pinched or over eager to make money, decides to adopt dishonest methods. This is his crisis; when he fails or goes to jail is but an episode in a life which had been marked out long before. I know a couple of young merchants in this city who decided to do a square business and starved for years. They are now rapidly getting rich. When does their success date from? The time when the tide turned in their favor? No. The crisis was when they made up their mind as to their method! When a man decides how he proposes to live, it ceases to be morally important as to the time or manner of his death. It makes me weary to hear so much palaver over the circumstances of a death. We have half a dozen death-beds; if we get a chance we die in that many respects before the final failure of breath. Supposing a man is forty years old when he dies physically. Why, heaven bless you, he only closes one account by that act—the account with his liver or lungs or heart, or whatever quit work and made him quit living. Think of the other deals he has had to wind up before then! It isn't half as important when a man's lungs give out as when his conscience suspends operations!

* * *

DEAR DON,—Whoever Don may be he strikes the majority of young women on the proper side.

When I read your editorial Sunday morning and struck the few lines in re to women, was pleased to see there was another man living that found about same fault as myself, but if you ask me to explain what I found wrong in them I would simply say she is not very bright but now I can. If a fellow trys to draw them (eight out of ten) into little sensible talk they think him a regular bore. I am no dude, but one of those everyday chaps who likes ladies' company when it is the proper style.

Again, as you say I can enjoy myself out with few gentlemen friends more than I can with any lady friend I know. We often take sail up to lumber and would be pleased to have some of fair sex, but we find if there happens to be one on board who has a poor father or mother and he is supporting them like a son should, they think he is no good and say, "who brought him along!" and perhaps they work down town in some store (which is no disgrace) and try to make out they own a four story brick mansion and a dog house. O, they make me sick! And you Mr. Don hit them fine and I was thankful to see it, and hope they will change their ways as I want a wife soon myself.

July 14th. Box.

"Box's" letter is given, not that I think it a compliment, but because I want to say a word to him and young men of his sort. I really cannot consider myself complimented when a young man writes to me in the spirit betrayed by Mr. Box. If he talks to young women in the abrupt and somewhat bumptious way he writes about them, I do not wonder they shrink within themselves and refuse to be entertaining. Did it ever strike you, Mr. Box, that young women do not fall in love with you because you are too much in love with yourself? Furthermore, your letter betrays not only deficient manners and an incomplete education, but a vein of vulgarity which is inexcusable. Nature's gentlemen may not spell correctly, bow gracefully, or speak pleasingly, but they never speak or write in the particular tone which makes me think I must have written something wrong or incomplete if it so thoroughly met your views. There's a nameless something about a man's bearing—often betrayed in his letters—which is not gentle or refined. I am sorry to appear ungrateful for your compliments, but you are disturbing and unattractive. Much you say—Indeed nearly all you say—is true, and you put it forcibly, but to use your own style of expression, you give yourself away.

* * *

Now, Mr. Box, is it not possible that the young women who have asked in your company, probably with regard to yourself, "Who brought him along!" were more offended by your manner than by your parentage or occupation. It is not indicative of dignity of character or true self-respect when a young man imagines himself so attractive that there can be no objection to him except on financial or industrial grounds. The young women "who work down town in some store" may instinctively be ladies and finding you a rude and uncomfortable companion object to you on those grounds. I like young women who, without affectation, put their best foot foremost and show their preference for the society of gentle and appreciative men. You say "you are no dude." I should not mistake you for one, and I might suggest that you lack some of the good traits of that much abused class. You are "an everyday chap." That is all right no doubt, but you refer to your friends as gentlemen, and to yourself as a "chap." Is this the actual relation? Our "every-day" clothes are not our best ones, if we are lucky enough to have two suits, and it is possible to offend those who desire to use us well by appearing before them in our "every-days" when expected to put on a wedding garment. Is it not likely that in despising dudes you go to the opposite extreme and obtrude your "every-day style?" I am not speaking of clothing specially, but using it as an illustration of how young men may in manners and conversation beget a hearty dislike in others by being too self confident, or as you would style it, "too fresh."

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Still further, you hope they will change their ways, as you "will want a wife soon yourself." The genus woman is not apt to reconstruct itself just because your lordship is shortly to be in need of a wife. You may say this is not what you meant. True, but what you said sounds like it, and if in conversation with your young women friends you speak in this way, I wonder they do not either mob or avoid you. You think it hard to be talked to thus after having written such complimentary things to me. This is a hard world, and I have no doubt that you are an energetic, honest fellow, loyal to your friends, a good son and possibly are the makings of a good husband. With regard to the latter, take my advice and marry a quiet little girl without too many views or too high a social ambition. If you do not you will be overbearing and a domestic nuisance. Feeling compunctions of conscience for having thus turned upon you, with no excuse except that you agreed with what you thought I said, I re-read my work and find excuse for you in the incompleteness of my article but I cannot drop the subject—with me as with a woman, this is always the hardest part of an argument — without pointing out the danger of clipping little bits out of a sermon or editorial and applying them to your neighbor or to a class against which you have a grievance. By making such selections you can prove anything from the work of any writer. For instance, from the New Testament, let me take a few texts and put them together, "Judas went and hanged himself," "Go thou and do likewise," "Now is the accepted time." This does not prove that immediate suicide is ordered by Holy Writ, but that I have distorted the texts by placing them in juxtaposition. I address my readers as if they were with me every week and take the liberty of being somewhat incoherent or unduly severe on a certain side, believing that what I have said on other phases of the same topic are remembered. Now, Mr. Box, if you are as impulsive and honest a fellow as I take you to be you will write and tell me how this strikes you and in the meantime I am sincerely yours.

* * *

DEAR DON,—I would like to call your attention to a case which came under my observation, indeed in which I was very gravely interested.

There died recently a young gentleman who was bred, trained and presumably died a Presbyterian. The minister of the church which he attended came very frequently into this gentleman's office to talk over the news of the day, etc., etc. This young gentleman was of the same profession as yourself, viz: a newspaper man. If there were any subscriptions wanted for church purposes he was never passed by, and he always contributed generously, yet when he become ill and had to give up work this spiritual adviser (?) was the only one of all his friends who did not think it necessary to call. He did not even make a friendly visit

Well, some time elapsed and this gentleman came to Toronto to see what "specialists" here could do for him. Shortly after he came to town, and about six weeks before he died, I asked the minister of the Presbyterian church which I have attended for nearly six years to call and see him, mentioning what a serious case his was. The minister had "no time" to see me, but I insisted on stating my request in as few words as possible, and he promised to come. I did not really, after the first week had passed and he had not called, expect that he would come, and, as events transpired, I was not disappointed, for during the five weeks that my friend was here, that minister had not called even once. He did call, though, the day after the gentleman left for home.

I would like you to comment on a "ministry who have so much to do, so many meetings to attend that they cannot even find time to pray for a soul shortly to pass into eternity. N.

I'm sorry preachers, as the above letter suggests, are such busy people. They are busy, you know, but like Martha of old they are worrying over the wrong things. When they begin their work, full of the enthusiasm of the cause they have espoused—and we should believe that at some time they were enthusiastic—they were simply servants of Christ, then they became ministers of the gospel, then presiding elders, or something official, then D.D's., then clergymen if they were aggressive but

IN THE ABSENCE OF THE MASTER.

some what dull, or professional preachers if they were eloquent. Dr. Wild, for instance, is a professional preacher. Just lately he went on strike because he was overworked, and was given an assistant. He is a money maker for himself and the organization which employs him, and deserves to have leisure. Let me prophesy the shape it will take. The curate will do the calling—gradually at first, altogether at last—and preach in the morning when the doctrinal points are to be attended to and the brethren built up in the faith. At prayer and class meetings the assistant will be expected to help out, and finally the doctor will simply show up and listen, except when he feels the other way inclined. The duties of the doctor will be to preach often enough in the morning to keep the congregation from feeling sure that it will be the other fellow, take the "swell" funerals, the ten-dollar weddings, the comforting of wealthy penitents *in articulo mortis* and the preaching of sensational sermons at night. He is smart and deserves an easy and well paid job. The many he has amused and edified will be glad to know that Christian, as he approaches the Golden Gates, is finding the path so comfortable. Nor will they be disposed to imagine that the pilgrim will be less likely to be given a harp in the throng of those who sing because the stone bruises on his feet were healed quite a spell before he got inside.

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It is the way of churches and pastors to forget the lowly stranger who lies sick and alone inside our city gates. He is neither amusing nor instructive and the dogs may lick his sores if they have such bad taste, but the preachers have become too busy and refined to poultice the bruises or pray for the souls of paupers. The man of whom "N" speaks was not a pauper, perhaps, but he was uninfluential and apparently had no more dollars to subscribe. Who was Lazarus but a misbegotten beggar and who was Dives but an overfed Pharisee, yet the last we heard of the latter he was in the fiercest tropics shouting for water, while Lazarus was luxuriously located in Abraham's bosom. In the great beyond possibly the poor country scribe may wake up in partnership with Lazarus, while the "busy" preacher aroused by the heat may turn on the tap and scream to find it dry.

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Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$55 75
Employes Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co	12 00
F. C.	2 00
Total	$69 75

DON.

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What a number of snobs there are in the world, to be sure. They are to be met with everywhere, but it must strike the reader of cable dispatches that an unduly large proportion of them are engaged as press correspondents abroad. They seem to consider it requisite to have any amount of gush at command over the doings of royal and aristocratic personages. It isn't that their actions are reported with undue fulness of detail—that, in cases where the functions in which they are engaged are of general interest, is legitimate enough, but the way in which they see wondrous condescension and affability and graciousness in the performance of the most simple and natural actions, and heap on the superlatives in expressing their admiration is sometimes nauseating. For instance here is Edmund Yates, who has been doing Emperor William's visit to England for the New York *Tribune*, who goes into raptures over the fact that the Emperor made a thorough inspection of the soldiers' quarters, and even detailed a couple of his staff to sample the beer and pork pie supplied to the men. William is a hustler and not a mere figurehead on a throne, and his desire to pick up pointers is commendable. But to gush over the "food for thought" furnished by this perfectly natural and commonplace little incident, and to say that it "can hardly fail to be repaid by the affection of the common people," is a piece of abject flunkeyism. Emperor William is simply doing his duty in a sensible, practical way, and there is no occasion to go off into ecstasies over it, as though he had performed some remarkable deed of generosity or heroism. But probably Yates knows his market. The class of wealthy Americans represented by the *Tribune* are as arrant a lot of snobs and toadies as ever existed, as the rage for titled husbands among their daughters plainly shows.

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We are likely to have a royal prince among us again shortly, as Prince George, the second son of the Prince of Wales, has been invited to attend the Industrial Exhibition. He will have a warm welcome of course, and from all accounts he is worthy of it. But it is to be hoped that the enthusiasm of the occasion will not degenerate into toadyism and grovelling servility. Nobody wishes Prince George should be received otherwise than cordially and respectfully, but there are some people who carry their loyal enthusiasm, when called on to entertain a scion of royalty, to the degree of fulsome adulation and self-abasement. Such displays of rank snobbery and sycophancy as have sometimes been witnessed during royal or vice-regal visits—such as unhitching the horses from their carriages and having it drawn through the streets by beings having the outward semblance of men—are not calculated to give outsiders a very exalted opinion of our self-respect or intelligence.

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There is no better indication of the progress of advanced ideas in regard to the social problem than the amount of space devoted by the leading magazines and periodicals of a high literary standard to the discussion of the various phases of the labor question. Views which a very few years ago would have been tabooed as rank socialism and could not have found expression in any "respectable" publication, no matter how ably presented, are now enunciated in the best serials by writers of admitted ability and reputation. The current number of the *Forum* has a strong article by Dr. Lyman Abbott, Henry Ward Beecher's successor in the pastorate of Plymouth Church, on Industrial Democracy, which is remarkable for its outspokenness and radical treatment of the question. The main contention of the writer is that the great accumulations of wealth have been really created by the community and not by the individuals who look on themselves as the owners. In other words he applies the now popular and generally understood—thanks to Henry George—doctrine of "unearned increment," not merely to land as the political economists do, but to all large fortunes however made. The real earning power of any one individual, no matter how talented and industrious, is very limited and when his pile begins to run up into the millions it is really the people who have created this value, and who under a rightful system of distribution would control it. The remarkable circumstance is not that such things should be said. A good many people have been saying them for some time as they found opportunities for expression—but that they should be said by an orthodox clergyman of high standing and the pastor of one of the wealthiest and most fashionable churches in America. I hardly think I dare say as much on my own account through these columns—if I ventured to somebody would call me a "Socialist," which is of course a withering and crushing retort which no right-minded man would care to provoke. But when Lyman Abbott diverges so far from the beaten track of capitalistic orthodoxy as to proclaim the doctrine that the community are the real creators and rightful owners of the fortunes of the millionaires, it surely in order to call attention to the utterance as a significant indication of the drift of public opinion.

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Dr. Abbott does not accept Bellamy's scheme of nationalism, but he goes a long way in that direction. As a beginning merely he would restore by legislation to the people the natural resources too freely granted by governments to private individuals, stop all bonuses, subsidies and taxation levied on the mass to build up enterprises in private hands, and have the state control all "natural and necessary monopolies" such as railroads, telegraphs, water supply, public lighting, etc. And he would extend and encourage profit-sharing and co-operative enterprises in other departments. That will do well enough for a beginning, and be quite sufficient to occupy the present generation.

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The municipal phase of this question as to the ownership or control of "natural monopolies" has a living practical interest for the people of Toronto in view of the acquisition by the city of the street railway plant. It seems to be taken for granted that the only thing to be done is to re-let the privilege on the most advantageous terms obtainable to Mr. Frank Smith or some other monopoly concern. Why should not the city run the railway as a strictly municipal enterprise? Why give any set of monopolists the opportunity to amass enormous wealth at the expense of the public? There are many and serious objections to the road being managed by the aldermen, or in any way under their control. But this is not necessary. It could be placed in the hands of one or more commissioners appointed for a term, in whom the undivided responsibility should be vested free from all aldermanic interference. The common objection to the practical carrying out of what everybody admits to be theoretically the true and just principle of municipal ownership is that it would afford great opportunities for jobbery or downright stealing. Well, suppose it did. The profits made by the concern are large enough to afford a very considerable margin for such leakages and still leave the city much better off than if the whole were put into private pockets. To hand over a valuable franchise to individual speculators for fear of some loss by stealing is to imitate the conduct of the snakes which St. Patrick drove out of Ireland, which, according to the ballad, "committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter." Isn't it better to have ten or twenty or even fifty per cent. of the profit jobbed away than lose the whole and create a monopoly which will deprive the city of the control of its own streets? If the aldermen are really so dishonest, untrustworthy and incapable as the current argument against full municipal management implies that they are, then the sooner we abolish the whole municipal system and put the business of the city in the hands of commissioners the better. T.

Social and Personal.

The social tide is now at its lowest ebb, the town seems absolutely empty and not a social function of any note is to be heard of. Both business and pleasure seem to have suffered the same depression this summer and I have not known a duller for many a year. However, we are at the middle of August now and the next few weeks will see the commencement of a renewal of business and gaiety. Not having any definite places of resort for the summer such as Newport, Saratoga and Narragansett are to New Yorkers, our society people are much more difficult to follow during this season. Not being gregarious in their tendencies they fly away to all parts of Canada from the trans-Rocky wilds by the Pacific to the easternmost points of Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Many go beyond their own country—Europe, the motherland, American summer resorts, and even frozen Alaska, each claims its contingent of the people who cluster around the home-nests of Toronto. Thus for a time, with the exception of a few small affairs at the adjacent watering places, social doings may be said to be at a standstill. At the present time the exodus is just about complete and there will be a dearth of society notes for a few weeks until people begin to return home. As the city grows the dulness of the summer season will grow less and less, for as the number of society people increases there will always be a sufficient residue left in town during the summer to keep the social ball from coming altogether to a stand-still. At present, however, such is not the case and society is dead.

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Mr. Alexander MacMahon of Philadelphia, eldest son of Hon. Mr. Justice MacMahon, was in the city a few days last week.

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Mr. J. C. Anderson and family of 545 Sherbourne street have gone to the Thousand Islands for a four weeks' outing.

*

Capt. Manley left Monday morning for Montreal to fill the position of Range Officer for the Quebec Rifle Association.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and child, Miss Settem and Miss Miller of Eglinton left Tuesday morning for a ten days' trip to Mackinaw. Mrs. Robertson is Capt. Manley's sister.

*

Mrs. Samuel May, son and daughter, left today on a visit to Richmond and Clarkston, Mich., for the remainder of August.

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Messrs. S. W. McKeown and C. S. Boon of Toronto have been fishing for the past week on the Saguenay River and report good sport.

*

Mrs. Frances Doyle and her granddaughters, Miss Doyle and Miss Allie Doyle, are spending the summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake, at the Anchorage the residence of the late Senator Plumb. They are the guests of E. W. Dyer of Chicago, who purchased the property last summer.

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On Friday of last week a very enjoyable party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williams, left town by the G. T. R. for Kingston and were met by a party on board the steam yacht Viola and taken to Alexandria Bay where they spent the balance of this week cruising and fishing among the Thousand Islands.

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Mr. and Mrs. F. MacKenzie and Mrs. Geo. W. Pinney of Chicago are at present visiting friends on Church street.

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I see from a recent dispatch that the representatives of the old families, whose blood has flown blue from before the days of the Plantagenets, are getting seriously alarmed at the encroachment of vulgar Americans into the select circles of aristocratic society. One of the London society papers says: "This week it has been decided in very high circles that in future Americans shall be carefully excluded from exclusive circles unless they have been properly introduced by the Minister." The Duchess of Buccleugh leads the van in this movement by excluding from her ball and garden party this season all *nouveaux riches* both English and American. It seems to me the old families are awakening rather late in the day to stem this tide of encroachment and their efforts will be as potential as were those of their ancestor (?) who sat on the sea shore and undertook to boss the waves. As a matter of fact wealth, whether it belongs to Americans or negroes, will find its way into the most inner circle of the most exclusive of blue-blooded society. Not only will it find its way there, but this same society will find an excellent excuse for its presence there. All the descendants of the conquerors at Hastings are not so well supplied with the treasures of this earth that they can afford to harken to the behests of a few of their peers who happen to be in better circumstances, and to turn their aristocratic backs to the mild importunities of a fifty millionaire pork merchant from Chicago or a piquante, pretty and intelligent million heiress from the wilds of California. The descendant of ancient and princely lines in these days finds that the blood in his veins does not always insure him against the vulgar but stern necessities of his physical existence. Well-fed commerce, arrogant with the plenitude of its power, brooks no condescension on the part of ancient lineage, although it is often willing to make terms and often servile terms to associate itself with the glamour of a famous name. Methinks this kick of the old families will avail them but little."

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It seems also that the Prince of Wales is going back on the American contingent—perhaps this accounts for Prince George's staying away from Newport. *Modern Society*, describing Lord Allington's ball, at which the Prince and family were present, says: "The American element were rigorously excluded, and as it is well known that nothing is done by accident when the Prince and Princess of Wales honor anybody by their presence, it may be assumed that the Prince is getting cured of his extraordinary infatuation for transatlantic belles, which in former days filled Marlborough House with the refuse of the United States, and made the Prince an easy victim to any pretty woman who was daring and clever enough to exploit him for her own social advancement. There must have been a great deal of wailing and gnashing of teeth among the American colony in London when they found themselves thus severely let alone, and left to the full enjoyment of the parties which two of their countrywomen, Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. Murphy, chanced to be giving."

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The house of Mr. W. Hanna of Port Carling was the scene of a very enjoyable party on Friday evening, August 6, when Mr. and Mrs. Hanna celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. The house and balcony, and also the grounds, were very tastefully decorated with flags and bunting and presented a very gay appearance indeed. Among those present were Miss McDonald, Miss Ostem of Bracebridge, the Misses R. and M. Speers, Mr. and Miss Egan, Mr. Dunn, Mrs. and the Misses Wilkinson and Master Harold Wilkinson, the Misses E. and M. Silk, the Misses Turnbull, Messrs. Rustin, Kennedy, Foy, Bradley, Duckworth, McCleary, Fletcher, McNaught and others. The gay party broke up about 2 a.m., perfectly satisfied with the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hanna.

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Mr. Raymond Barlow of Brooklyn, N.Y., is the guest of Mrs. A. Deacon, 214 Wellesley street.

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The annual sports of the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, P. Q., take place to-day and next Saturday, August 23. Hon. Justice Wurtelle is president, supported by Mr. H. R. Ives as vice-president, and Mr. Charles Holland.

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Dr. R. A. Hardie left on Wednesday night to go as a missionary to Corea. His friends held a farewell meeting on Tuesday evening in Association Hall.

*

Mrs. S. T. Birdsall and the Misses Van Norman have returned to Louisville after spending two weeks with Mrs. Harry Piper at Howard Lake.

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From the published accounts the band tournament at Hamilton seems to have been a very successful affair. At this there is great rejoicing in their local journals, and sundry hints are thrown out intended to convey the idea that even at this torrid season there are no flies on the people under the mountain. No one has as yet been heard to remark that all this noise was but the groaning of "a mountain in labor," etc., etc. The people up there seem to have one idea solid in their heads, however, and that is not to bite off more than they can chew.

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It is surprising to read in the papers that Miss Gladys Knowles was lately awarded $50 000 damages for breach of promise of marriage against Mr. Lester Fraser Duncan. The reason it is surprising is because Mr. Duncan is the publisher of the *Matrimonial News* in London, England, and is moreover sixty-four years of age. One would think that a man of his age and engaged in publishing a paper devoted to matrimonial affairs would know too much about it to be roped in for a cool fifty thousand. But of such is the race of man.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. Q. Moysey and family are summering on their island in Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

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Miss Louisa Davis of McCaul street is spending the summer months with her sister, Mrs. Moysey, on Agnes Island, Lake Rosseau.

*

Miss Annie Smythe of Tilsonburg, formerly of Toronto, who has been spending a few days with friends in the city, has left for New York to visit her sister, Mrs. Fred Crosland.

*

Miss Janie Meyer of McCaul street left town this week on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Culkin of Buffalo.

*

A surprise party of young friends called on Miss Fleming, Carlton avenue, on Tuesday evening and a very pleasant evening was spent with dancing, etc.

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The meeting of the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. brought a large number of strangers to the city this week.

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Principal MacMurchy of the Toronto Collegiate Institute is spending the summer at Youghal, New Brunswick.

*

Hon. A. M. Ross left on Wednesday for a holiday trip to British Columbia.

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Mr. Lowe, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, was in town this week.

*

Dr. J. A. Burgess, Mrs. and Miss Burgess have gone to Port Cockburn, Muskoka, for the season.

*

Sir James Grant of Ottawa was in town this week.

*

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Dewart are at Ocean Grove, N. J.

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The yacht Condor left the city on Tuesday for a three weeks' cruise on Lake Ontario with the following crew: Messrs. C. A. B. Brown, S. J. Bull, Harton Walker, H. V. Morse, W. C. Thomson, H. R. Walker, C. H. Black and J. H. Macnee.

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The Toronto Division No. 2 U. R. Knights of Pythias excurt to Lake Island Park, Wilson, N.Y., on Civic Holiday. The steamer Eurydice will bear them, with a good band to furnish music, and there will be a programme of sports at the park.

*

Few missionaries start out so enthusiastic for their cause as Messrs. Peter Rignhart and Allen Cameron, two young men who left Toronto a short time ago, bound for China. It is said they intend to walk across the continent to Frisco, and then to work their way on a steamship across the Pacific. They are evidently of opinion that the "heathen Chinee" are not in a great hurry to greet them at all events.

*

A contemporary says: "The number of American girls who have bought titled husbands, and the enormous prices they have paid for them, make pertinent the inquiry: What is the cash value of a title? The price paid by Miss Huntington for Prince Hatzfeldt was two hundred thousand dollars, Miss Caldwell bid ten thousand dollars a year for Prince Murat. What Miss Mackay paid for Prince Colonna and Mrs. Hammersley for the Duke of Marlborough cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy. Miss Von Hoffman's husband, the Marquis de Mores, has cost her family in the neighborhood of one million dollars already. In some cases, of course, value has been received and the purchase-money has not been excessive. For instance, Miss Jerome obtained a prize in Lord Randolph Churchill; no one would think of suggesting that Miss Endicott bought the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, or Miss Lee, Count Waldersee, or Miss Wheeler, Count Pappenheim, but in some of the other cases the deals were purely commercial transactions. Titles can be obtained for much lower prices than have been paid by some of the before mentioned young women. The American heiress desirous of wedding a title can have one bestowed upon some young man she knows and whom she can love. There is also a field for the ambitious young American man—a title is within the reach of men of moderate means. Wooing an heiress is often difficult, but if the wooer can bring the extra leverage of a noble name to bear upon the fair object of his wooing it may become easier. And the prices are not exorbitant. A short time ago a card appeared in *Le Figaro* of Paris, announcing that M. Robert of 36 Rue Maubeuge, Paris, was prepared to procure titles of nobility and foreign decorations for those who are desirous of wearing such borrowed plumes. An American correspondent answered the advertisement, ask-

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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"And do you love me so devotedly, dear," he said, "that you will give up home and friends and all that makes your young life bright and happy, to become my wife, and go with me to the uttermost ends of the world, if necessary?"

"Yes, George," she whispered, softly; "when I am your wife, your thoughts shall be my thoughts, your hopes my hopes, your religion my religion; and, if you should want me to go to the uttermost ends of the world with you, I will go—oh, so gladly, George—for I am so fond of traveling!"

Boudoir Gossip.

An amusing incident in one of George Kennan's lectures was the description of days and nights of Arctic sameness, in a snow covered hut, with nothing to do but talk and eat. Mr. Kennan laughingly said that they were almost talked out many times, when he or his friend would direct the conversation to the Flood, whereupon lively arguments of indefinite length would follow. These warm days we are too languid to think of new subjects, and a hot-weather remark is so often punished by a big black frown, that from very loss of topics the conversation dwindles away. It need not. There is one saving suggestion, an argument-producing question, which will always have two divergent answers and many warm supporters for each. What shall we eat in warm weather? Shall we strengthen the inner woman with meat and triple extract of beef, solace it with fruit and plain food, or try some scheme which includes iced tea, ice creams and salads?

I presume that the question has been settled on one or the other side several times. I am on the point of an unalterable decision myself, and in the meanwhile I am observing the various methods adopted by different people for providing nourishment and inducing a lower temperature without sacrificing strength.

To-day at a restaurant I noticed two men who sat at a table opposite me. One was very deliberately discussing a plate of soup while a dish of raspberries stood near. The other was eating an ice-cream, with a liberal supply of fancy, mixed cakes. It did look so odd, and if their faces indicated their thoughts, they were each engaged in considering the other a splendid specimen of the unwise man.

What strange combinations our memories are, with their alertness to associate the present with the past, and things at hand with those far distant. Perhaps the very best example of the habit's strength is that oft-quoted saying: "How you remind me of Bessie, or Tom, or Aunt Elizabeth Ann," as the case may be. Yesterday afternoon I sat looking as much like myself as I possibly could, and a young man who had been talking to me and thinking of someone else—bad luck to him—said in a very positive way to a friend beside him: "Miss Carew looks a great deal like——." Well, I do not seriously object to reminding a nice man of a nice girl, but that was not all. Soon a dear, bright woman was sitting in the same place, and said, as she eyed me attentively: "You look so much like my sister today." The reason was that the hot weather had compelled a method of hair-dressing which in rather slangy vernacular is termed unbung bangs. The dear sister far away wore her hair in the simple fashion, and the sister here associated the style with the loved one over the sea. If it were not for the memories, the tender little heart-darlings that crowd about us so often, life would not seldom be a rugged and pleasureless road.

*

Some people will wear russet shoes, and bad as they look when irreproachable as to daintiness, they are simply horrible when soiled. A well-recommended plan is to rub them thoroughly with lemon juice on a soft cloth. The application should be very carefully performed, every part being treated to the well-damped cloth, and the general verdict is that they look "as good as new."

*

Coming along King street this afternoon, I caught a glimpse of a horrible-looking veil. It was white, limp, and aged, and right in the center, the wearer's big nose had poked a hole through the flimsy thing. The comicality of that red nose cross-barred with slender half-broken threads was quite troublesome to me, but I daresay the good-natured body did not know how very funny she looked.

*

How our eyes aid the loneliness of our hearts. We grow so accustomed to seeing people, buildings, even books in their recognized places that we feel it to be our special grievance if the march of the civilizing millions removes them from us. It is not, perhaps, that these things have grown very dear to us, but they have been settled into our hearts and moving them hurts.

The last of anything is a little saddening. The feeling that just this pleasure, or even this trifle little bit of everyday work may never come to us again, brings a creeping sensation of sorrow and loneliness. We live too much within ourselves and yet a great deal of that self is the reflection of circumstances and education. After all we are not ourselves but other people and other things. CLIP CAREW.

A Mexican Vampire.

In the early part of June, 1889, I was traveling for a San Antonio paper house, and was just returning on my way from Ojlaca to Tuxtla and Vera Cruz, on the Gulf coast. It was one of the most uncomfortable journeys I had ever undertaken. I had ridden for the better part of two days in a volancoche, a vehicle with two wheels and no seat, the bottom being made of ropes holding up a mattress on which I could either recline or sit Turkish fashion. The motive power consisted of three mules abreast, spurred on by a swarthy native, Jose by name, who alternately rode the left-hand mule and ran alongside, reeling off a string of Spanish profanity that was positively shocking. The rocking and pitching of the volancoche reminded me more than anything else of a vessel in a storm at sea, only it was worse. It was nearing night when we drew up at a small place called Oxite. There had, in times gone by, been quite a collection of houses at Oxite, but now, there was nothing there habitable but the posada, or hotel, which, in its day, had been quite a large building. The walls of a court, with sheds and sleeping apartments on the inside, showed its former dimensions, but only four of all the rooms were in a fit condition for a human being to live in. The regular inhabitants of the place were limited to three souls, Senor Don Tivurcio Beltran, his wife, and daughter. After supper I sat on the host's veranda with his family, chatting as much as my limited powers as a linguist would permit. Miss Juanita entertained me by singing several old Spanish and Mexican ballads in a way that thrilled me. She was very piquant, and what of music the dilapidated guitar lacked was made up by her really fine voice and our romantic surroundings. I was charmed, and, though tired from my day's travel, it was with regret that I heard Don Tivurcio's polite offer to show me my quarters for the night. My room was one somewhat removed from the others, and furnished, as well as I remember, with a broken stool, a jar of water, and a bull's hide; the latter, I knew from experience, was my bed, so spreading my blanket upon it I lay down, but sleep I could not. The night was sultry, the apartment poorly ventilated, and there seemed to be a thousand creeping things on my body. I bore this as long as possible, and then, seizing my blanket, rushed out into the open air. After walking about for a while, I spread my blanket under a stunted palm some distance from the house, and, disrobing, I gave each of my garments a good shaking, and, having donned them, I lay down, determined to sleep as much of the night as possible. "Here," I said, "it is cool; I can sleep now." The thousand voices of a tropic night seemed to invite to slumber, and my feet were already on the threshold of dreamland when there came a breezy, whistling sound, and what I took to be a large night bird swooped past me, actually brushing my face. I must say this was rather startling, but looking about me and seeing nothing, I lay down again. Scarcely were my eyes closed before the rustling noise was heard again. Though this time its wings did not touch me, the creature passed quite near enough to bring a decided coolness to my face. I am not superstitious, but am ready to confess that just then every wild story and legend of ill-omened birds that I have ever heard or read came back to me with remarkable force, and for the moment I was as much terrified as a child listening to a blood-curdling ghost story. "It will never do," I said, "to go back to the house; I can never sleep in there, and—" those wings again! They came as regularly as the movement of a clock. Yes, with even fascinating precision; and fascinating is the word, for those wings now had an interest for me akin to magnetism. The regularity with which they came and went seemed analogous to the well-timed passes of a mesmerist. Once more—they are here and gone! I was waiting anxiously now each time for their coming, and I remember thinking that the failure of my aerial visitor to put in an appearance at the proper moment would render me wretched. "Now," I said, "I can sleep," and I slept. To my mind there is nothing well defined as regards the remainder of that night. I have a faint recollection of placing my hand on my neck, and being startled when it came in contact with a large, living something—a something that struggled in my hand and was glued to my throat. There was another creature fastened to my cheek, near the left temple, and yet another was clinging to my breast, which I had left bared, owing to the warmth of the night. Even in my semi-conscious state I was aware that these creatures were drawing the life-tide from my veins, but I had neither the strength nor inclination to rid myself of them. An utter indifference to all things came over me. My mind was troubled by no regrets as to things past or misgivings in regard to the things of the future—it was absolute rest. Another moment and sleep was upon me. Not a dreamless sleep, though. It seemed that I was prone at noontide within some shady grove, while the air was heavy with the breath of countless rare and beautiful flowers. Strange, shadowy forms, borne on huge pinions, circled about me, but their ever-restless wings cooled my fevered frame, and I felt no dread of them whatever. But at last I awoke. I was aroused by the frightened cries of Juanita. She was holding my head in her arms, and I remember hearing her say: "Awake, sir! awake! You should not sleep—my God! The blood! the blood! O mother, come at once. The poor American has been killed by the vampires. My God, what can I do? He is dead!" Then I felt one of her hands as she placed it over my heart. I remember hearing her say, joyfully: "No; he yet lives. God, I thank thee!" And then I lost consciousness. It was five weeks before I recovered sufficiently to continue my journey. Never was I treated with more kindness than by Don Tivurcio, his wife and daughter.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Blind Boy.

"How odd you are!" she said, with compassionate condescension, seating herself beside him on the grass. "I must be because you are not acquainted with me. When you know me better you will no longer be afraid of me. Now, I am not afraid of anybody."

She said this with careless simplicity, as she played with her corn-flowers and violets. Meanwhile the blind boy had accepted her challenge to more intimate acquaintance, and as he knew but one way of learning to know a person's face, he naturally had recourse to his usual method. Grasping the girl's shoulder with one hand he began with the other to feel of her hair and her eye-lashes; he passed his fingers swiftly over her face, pausing occasionally to study the unfamiliar features with deep attention. All this was so unexpected, and done with such rapidity, that the girl in her utter amazement never opened her lips; she only looked at him with wide-open eyes in which could be seen a feeling akin to horror. Not until now had she noticed anything unusual in the face of her new acquaintance. The pale and delicately cut features of the boy were rigid with a look of constrained attention, which seemed in some way inconsistent with his fixed gaze. His eyes looked straight ahead, without any apparent relation to what he was doing, and in them shone a strange reflection from the setting sun. For a moment the girl felt as if it were some dreadful nightmare.

Releasing her shoulder from the boy's hand, she suddenly sprang to her feet and burst into a flood of tears. "What are you doing to me, you naughty boy!" she exclaimed, angrily, through her tears. "Why do you touch me? What have I done to you? Why?"

Confused as he was, he remained sitting on the same spot with a drooping head, while a strange feeling of mingled anger and vexation filled his heart with burning pain. Now for the first time he felt the degradation of a cripple; for the first time he learned that his physical defect might inspire alarm as well as pity. Although he had no power to formulate the sense of humiliation that oppressed him, he suffered none the less because this feeling was dim and confused. A sense of burning pain and bitter resentment swelled the boy's throat; he threw himself down on the grass and wept. As the weeping increased, convulsive sobs shook his little frame—the more violently, because his innate pride made him struggle to repress this outburst.

The girl, who had scarcely reached the foot of the hill, hearing those stifled sobs turned in amazement. When she saw that odd new acquaintance of hers lying face downward on the ground, crying so bitterly, she felt a sympathy for him, and climbing the hill again she stood over the weeping boy.

"What is it?" she said. "Why are you crying? Perhaps you think that I shall complain! Don't cry! I shall not say a word to any one."

These words of sympathy and the caressing voice excited a still more violent fit of sobbing. Then the girl sitting down beside the boy, devoted herself to the task of comforting him.

Passing her hand gently over his hair, with an instinct purely feminine, and a gentle persistency, she raised his head and wiped the tears from his eyes, like a mother who tries to comfort her grieving child.

"There, there, I am no longer vexed," she said in the soothing tone of a grown-up woman. "I see you are sorry to have frightened me."

"I did not mean to frighten you," he replied, drawing a long breath in his efforts to repress his nervous sobs.

"Well, it is all right now. I am no longer angry. You will never do it again," she added, raising him from the ground and trying to make him sit down beside her.

Petrusya yielded. Again he sat facing the sunset, and when the girl saw his face lighted by the crimson rays, she was impressed by its unusual expression. The tears were still standing in the boy's eyes, which were as before immovable, while his features were twitching convulsively with childlike sobs,—all the signs of a deep sorrow, such as a mature nature might feel, were evident.

"How queer you are—really!" she said with thoughtful sympathy.

"I am not queer," replied the boy with a pitiful look. "No, I am not queer! I am—blind!"

"Bli—ind?" she repeated, prolonging the word in her surprise, while her voice trembled, as though that sad word, softly uttered by the boy, had given a heavy blow to her womanly little heart. "Blind!" she repeated again; her voice trembled still more, and then as though seeking a refuge from the uncontrollable sense of misery that had come over her, she suddenly threw her arms around the boy's neck and hid her face on his breast.

This sad discovery taking her entirely by surprise, had instantly changed the self-composed little woman to a grieved and helpless child, who in her turn wept bitterly and inconsolably.—*From the Blind Musician.*

*

A facetious physician of the old school once observed that he never said in company: "I drink to your health!" but: "My service to you!"

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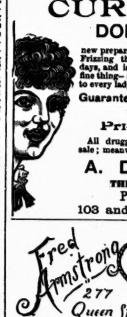
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JOHN JACKSON'S VENTURE;

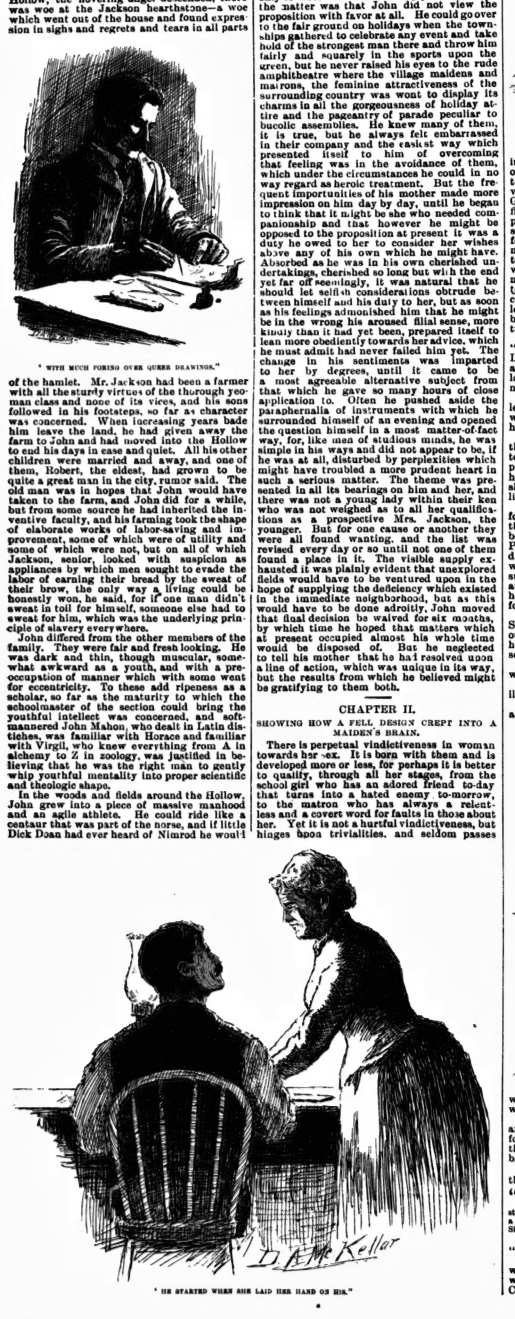
And How He Brought Beauty Home to Smith's Hollow.

BY THOMAS A. GREGG.

CHAPTER I.

DETAILING WHO JOHN WAS AND HIS LIFE AT THE HOLLOW.

"JOHN, I wish you would marry." For the fiftieth time, perhaps, Mrs. Jackson had expressed this wish to her son John, who invariably replied, with a good-natured laugh, "Mother, I haven't time." "But I do wish you would," she would insist, and then John would kiss the plump little face and pass laughingly out to his work. A good family were the Jacksons. Man and boy of them had always been upright and honorable and as a consequence this little lady and her able-bodied son had a fair share of this world's goods which had come to them through honesty, justness, Christian integrity and the thrift which is wise and generous in its abundance. The day that old Mr. Jackson died was a dayof mourning in Smith's Hollow. Three weeks before, when little Dick Doan, who lived on the rising road leading out of the Hollow, ran into his home and cried: "Ma, the doctor's kerridge is at Mr. Jackson's door!" there had been grief in the village, for, as a corollary to the first appearance of the "kerridge" in the position where Dick's observant eye had detected it, it had transpired that the Grim Destroyer was at Mr. Jackson's door; that "the angel with the amaranthine wreath" hovered over the old homestead; in other words, that the fine old gentleman had been mortally stricken, and that the Hollow would shortly never know him more. And when one bright morning, while the sun was creeping down the road into the Hollow, the hovering angel descended, there was woe at the Jackson hearthstone—a woe which went out of the house and found expression in sighs and regrets and tears in all parts



"WITH MUCH FORING OVER QUEER DRAWINGS."

of the hamlet. Mr. Jackson had been a farmer with all the sturdy virtues of the thorough yeoman class and none of his sons or his sons followed in his footsteps, so far as character was concerned. When increasing years bade him leave the land, he had given away the farm to John and had moved into the Hollow to end his days in ease and quiet. All his other children were married and away, and one of them, Robert, the eldest, had grown to be quite a great man in the city, rumor said. The old man was in hopes that John would have taken to the farm, and John did for a while, but from some source he had inherited the inventive faculty, and his farming took the shape of elaborate works of labor-saving and improvement, some of which were of utility and some of which were not, but on all of which Jackson, senior, looked with suspicion as appliances by which men sought to evade the labor of earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, the only way a living could be honestly won, he said, for if one man didn't sweat in toil for himself, someone else had to sweat for him, which was the underlying principle of slavery everywhere.

John differed from the other members of the family. They were fair and fresh looking. He was dark and thin, though muscular, somewhat awkward as a youth, and with a preoccupation of manner which with some went for eccentricity. To these add ripeness as a scholar, so far as the maturity to which the schoolmaster of the section could bring the youthful intellect was concerned, and self-mastered John Mahon, who dwelt in Latin Michiavs, was familiar with Horace and familiar with Virgil, who knew everything from A in alchemy to Z in zoology, was justified in believing that he was the right man to gently whip youthful mentality into proper scientific and theologic shape.

In the woods and fields around the Hollow John grew into a piece of massive manhood and an agile athlete. He could ride like a centaur that was part of the horse, and if little Dick Doan had ever heard of Nimrod he would have declared that he was personified in John, for Dick, who as far as fish and game was concerned fared as sumptuously as Lucullus through John's generosity, could at any time have borne testimony to John Jackson's prowess in any field.

His father's death brought John in from the farm to the Hollow. To say that the moving in was a surprise to his mother would only faintly express the astonishment she felt at the considerate character of the moving, which comprised, among other things, a forge and all its appurtenances and a collection of machinery such as the Widow Jackson had never seen before or ever heard of. But without any explanation John stowed them away in outhouses which he had previously prepared for their reception, and only when she heard him clinking and hammering outside did she know that he was making use of them. If the dear boy wished to amuse himself in that way, she said, why hinder him? This hammering went on at intervals for several years, interrupted by fits of great abstraction on John's part, with much poring over queer drawings with callipers, compasses and graduating rules, and covered with calculations in figures. It was during these abstractions on her son's part that Widow Jackson came to the conclusion that what her son needed was companionship, and what better companion could he have than a wife? Therefore it was that she surprised him at his calculations one evening by laying down her sewing and going quietly to where he sat. He started when she laid her hand on his and he looked up somewhat surprised, but the commiserative way in which she made the intimation to him made him laugh, and he jumped up and catching her in his arms declared that he wanted no other companion than her, the sweetest and best companion he had ever had. But the widow was not altogether satisfied, and on many occasions she returned to the subject only to meet with the same reply. The fact of the matter was that John did not view the proposition with favor at all. He could go over to the fair ground on holidays when the township gathered to celebrate any event and take hold of the strongest man there and throw him fairly and squarely in the sports upon the green, but he never raised his eyes to the rude amphitheatre where the village maidens and matrons, the feminine attractiveness of the surrounding country was wont to display its charms in all the gorgeousness of holiday attire and the pageantry of parade peculiar to bucolic assemblies. He knew many of them. It is true, but he always felt embarrassed in their company and the easiest way which presented itself to him of overcoming that feeling was in the avoidance of them, which under the circumstances he could in no way regard as heroic treatment. But the frequent importunity of his mother made a more impression on him day by day, until he began to think that it might be she who needed companionship and that however he might be opposed to the proposition at present it was a duty he owed to her to consider her wishes above any of his own which he might have. Absorbed as he was in his own cherished undertakings, cherished so long but with the end yet far off seemingly, it was natural that he should let selfish considerations intervene between himself and his duty to her, but as soon as his feelings admonished him that he might be in the wrong his aroused filial sense, more kindly than it had ever been, showed itself to lean more obediently towards her advice, which he must admit had never failed him yet. The change in his attitude was imparted to her by degrees, until it came to be a most agreeable alternative subject from that which he gave so many hours of application to. Often he pushed aside the paraphernalia of instruments with which he surrounded himself of an evening and opened the question himself in a most matter-of-fact way, for, like men of studious minds, he was simple in his ways and did not appear to be, if he was at all, disturbed by perplexities which might have troubled a more prudent heart in such a serious matter. The theme was presented in all its bearings on him and her, and there was not a young man of the parish who was not weighed as to all her qualifications as a prospective Mrs. Jackson, the younger. But for one cause or another they were all found wanting, and the list was revised every day or so until not one of them found a place in it. The visible supply exhausted it was plainly evident that explored fields would have to be ventured upon in the hope of supplying the deficiency which existed in the immediate neighborhood, but as this would have to be done adroitly, John moved that final decision be waived for six months, by which time he hoped the matrons to which at present occupied almost his whole time would be disposed of. But he neglected to tell his mother that he had resolved upon the course of action which was not to begin, but the results from which he believed might be gratifying to them both.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING HOW A FELL DESIGN CREPT INTO A MAIDEN'S BRAIN.

There is perpetual vindictiveness in woman towards her sex. It is born with them and is developed more or less, for perhaps it is better to quality, through all her stages, from the school girl who has an adored friend to-day that turns into a hated enemy to-morrow, to the matron who has always a relentless and a covert word for faults in those about her. Yet it is not a hurtful vindictiveness, but hinges upon trivialities, and seldom passes beyond the adroit fence of petulant speech polished to the point of saying something cutting, presumably to chasten the vain heart and teach it that it is but poor clay after all. It is nor the vindictiveness of men, who, when disposed that way, speak words which burn and leave eternal scars; therefore is the biting tongue compared unto the serpent's tooth.

"I just hate that Madge Darling. There is a superciliousness about her which is just—just exasperating," cried Miss May Gordon, not yet over twenty, as she unceremoniously threw herself into an easy chair, and glanced around as if she might find some irascible word lying on the carpet or furniture to hurl at the object of her hatred. She was making a call upon her dear friend, Miss Ethel Chalmers, and there she found Miss Smithson, who a moment before her entrance had been regaling Miss Chalmers with an account of a gathering the previous evening at which Miss Darling had attracted a great deal of attention and completely eclipsed Miss Gordon who had been considered the belle of a previous assembly, and who had evidently been angered by the slight she had suffered. "And, Ethel," said Miss Smithson confidentially to Miss Chalmers, "I know May felt it, for she wasn't herself at all, and was the first to go home." What further construction might have been put upon her conduct was unrevealed for Miss Gordon's entrance was the signal for an exchange of compliments and congratulations from Miss Smithson over her appearance last evening and a word of deprecatory criticism of Miss Darling throwing in as a feeler, and it was because of this word that Miss Gordon bared the mortification which she had nursed since the previous evening. Butterflies both were Miss Gordon and Miss Smithson, floating round from flower to flower, or rather from pleasure to pleasure, on golden wings, enjoying the sunshine of life which apparently always shone for them. Miss Chalmers being older was more sedate, not so flighty as these two chattering friends who evidently thought the world and all its joys were made for them with never a cloud to cast its shadow, of a conciliatory turn, nothing impetuous about her, only calm, gentle and thoughtful. She was listlessly scanning a newspaper when these two burst in upon her and at May's outbreak she turned gravely towards her.

"SUCH A SERMONIZER!" CRIED MAY."

"'Hate' is a cruel word, May," she said, "and to my mind means something dreadful. Love is the only word such gay young hearts as yours should know in dealing with their fellows. Hate is wearisome and foolish and is never satisfied."

"Such a sermonizer," cried May, as she leaned forward with a deprecating smile and waved away the words with her small gloved hand, "such a sermonizer, Ethel!"

"There, that's better; I like to see you like that, smiling, you are so much happier so. It temper contracts the brows, changes the expression of the eyes and gives the mouth a hard and forbidding look, and a pretty girl should avoid it. Time enough for that when life angers us."

"But Madge vexed me so. She had chatter for every one in the room. I'm sure that if there had been fifty men there they would have been all around her listening to her talk. People do not go to parties to talk; they go to dance and sing and make merry. But Madge wasn't friendly with us girls a bit and I am sure at one time she was talking to twelve men at once. Madge is sly and designing and I hate her!" and May looked as if she would have found comfort in a cry.

"May, you are a baby and talk like one. Stop hating. Those we hate somehow discover our feelings towards them and usually they humiliate us or cause us to humiliate ourselves."

"What if I should humiliate her!" cried May with some show of petulancy.

"More blamable still, for such an act won'd ill-become you," answered Miss Chalmers.

"You are in a very ministerial mood to-day, and I think that ill becomes you, Ethel. It would be appropriate for the meeting to close with prayer."

"Levity, especially in a girl, is shocking, and—" but she did not finish the sentence, for Miss Smithson, who had been looking over the paper which Miss Chalmers had laid down, broke in with:

"Oh, girls, look at this," and she read from the personal column of the paper:

"PERSONAL.—A YOUNG MAN—OWNER OF A comfortable home in the country, in good circumstances and with good prospects, wishes to correspond with a respectable young lady with a view to matrimony. Strictly confidential. Address J. J., Box X, Post Office."

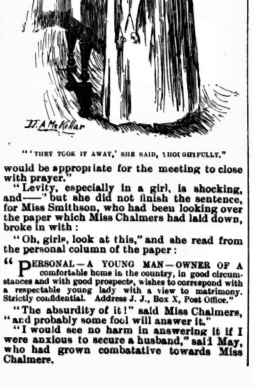
"The absurdity of it!" said Miss Chalmers, "and probably some fool will answer it."

"I would see no harm in answering it if I were anxious to secure a husband," said May, who had grown combatative towards Miss Chalmers.

"And have your name and fame bandied about for your pains," rejoined Miss Chalmers, with a tinge of scorn in her tone.

Seeing that the discussion of qualities of her two friends bordered upon the unpleasant, Miss Smithson rose to go and at the same time May, who was a queer combination of shade and sunshine, put her arm affectionately around Miss Chalmers' waist, and together they walked towards the door. "I vexed you, Ethel," she said.

"I am never vexed with any of my friends," answered Miss Chalmers. "Only remember this: Never be ill-natured; hate brings humiliation," and then there was a series of kisses and as May and Miss Smithson tripped down the steps, Miss Chalmers returned to her seat with a sigh. She looked about her for the newspaper but it was gone. "They took it away," she said, thoughtfully.



"THEY TOOK IT AWAY," SHE SAID, THOUGHFULLY."

CHAPTER III.

REVEALING THE TRIUMPH OF THE INVENTIVE FACULTY, THE SUBTLETY OF LOVE.

SIX months or so after this Smith's Hollow was in springtime attire. The apple trees hung their pink blossoms over the bleached picket fences, filling the air with their sweet odor. The soft warm rains had washed away the faded green of the fields, giving them a rich, new verdant vesture, and in the paddocks grateful cattle pushed their noses into the fresh, crisp crops and ate their fill. Robins sang their cheery notes in the groves, and now and then one could see the cerulean flash of the blue-bird's wing as he took short flights from ground to tree, while from the heights there floated down the plaintive cry of the pee-wee like a faint note from some celestial choir. How lovely is the annual resurrection! type of something, perhaps; and we know not what. How beautiful the transition from winter's death to spring's luxuriant, lustrous life, loosing the founts of goodness, enlarging men's natures and bringing them nearer to the joy of the Supreme.

The Hollow had not been dormant by any means during the winter, but it now moved with a more sprightly step as if it felt the throbs of the new awakening. All through the winter ringing sounds had come from John Jackson's forge. He had been an enigma to the Hollow and to Mrs. Jackson as well. It had been an aphorism of his father's to "never say what you're going to do till you do it," and upon this line he had worked for many days. And one June morning we find him standing beside his bench curiously scanning what appeared to be a confused mass of tiny wheels, cogs, spindles and arms, but perfectly intelligible to him, their maker and inventor. "Done at last, eh! How I have pored and dreamt and sweated over it," he said, as he tenderly patted his work; "but I mastered you at last. I wish I had been as successful otherwise," he added mournfully. Then he set about storing the machine in a box which he packed carefully in a valise, preparatory to a journey, evidently. Mrs. Jackson had noticed many times his moods in her son during the past six months. There was a settled gloom upon him which seemed intensified after the several visits he had made to the city of late. The subject of the marriage had not been alluded to, for the time agreed upon had expired yet and neither wished to be the first to open the question again. The widow was sorely distressed at his trouble, and attributing it to the worry of his work, she besought him to give it up and live upon her wealth, but his answer was, "Mother, I would gladly give the worry up, if it would give me up. Often he felt like confiding in her, for like Hamlet, he had "that within which passeth show," and as often he refrained: "She would say some one was fooling me, and it is so, for I have done a foolish thing," he would say.

To day he carried the box into the house, set the machine upon a table and while all the wheels were whirling and the arms working he called his mother to see it. She looked at it in amazement and asked him what it was.

"The model of an invention," he said, somewhat shee pishly, for he remembered how his father had ridiculed the inventive faculty in him. Then, seeing that she was interested, he went into an explanation; how it would revolutionize farming, bless the farmer, benefit the laborer and make the name of Jackson famous.

"And what will you do with it?" the widow asked, proud of the boy who could make such a wonderful thing.

"I will take it to the city to-day," he answered, "and will show it to a manufacturer I know who, I think, will buy it as soon as he sees it. It would be worth a thousand of dollars to him and to me, too, for that matter, but, as you know, mother, I am more concerned about its success than the money it may bring me."

It was decided that he should go that day, and that he would not be gone more than two weeks at the most, for if he could not sell the invention in one place he would try another.

The widow Jackson stood in the vine-clad porch that day when the bus came for John, and he departed with her best blessing. And she was standing in the porch when the bus went through the Hollow and over the top of the hill, with John beside the driver, holding his treasure on his knees, and though her eyes were dim, he thought she saw him wave a farewell to her as he passed out of sight.

(To be Continued.)

Marie Bashkirtseff's Personal Beauty:

Marie's personal appearance is thus described in minute detail by her intimates:

"She was a very pretty girl, and in her diary did not in any way exaggerate her personal charms. There is one fact, however, not mentioned in her diary, and which Marie probably never realized—she outlived her beauty. It faded away as her fatal disease progressed, and she got thin, and old, and plain. Marie's beauty was that of youth and freshness, not a beauty of feature, but what the French, for some unknown reason, call the 'beauty of the devil.' She was pink, and round, and soft. She was of medium height and of beautiful figure. Her figure, beyond all question, was her greatest attraction; she looked as well without stays as with them. Her curves and lines were marvelously beautiful, as she herself frequently tells us. Her arms were round and well shaped, without being too fat. Her hips were really as wide as she said they were, so wide that she could have no drapery about them, but not too wide. Her neck was large and powerful, broad at the base, and very round, and barely escaped being too muscular for a woman.

"Her teeth were poor. They were not bad in the ordinary sense of the term, but were irregular and short and rather far apart, as she herself said when she remarked that her two front teeth were separated like those of Bastien-Lepage—only she did not say, which was true, that they were all more or less separate. Her eyes were beautiful, very intellectual, a gray blue, with black lashes and extremely penetrating. Their ability to go through one was celebrated in a poem of violent praise written by Francis Coppee of the French Academy. Her eye-brows were very marked. Her hair was very light, with a great deal of bright gold running through it. It was thick, fine and silky, naturally curly and not very long. She wore it always in a loose lot, sometimes low on the neck, sometimes high, but always in negligent fashion. She wore a careless bang, and trusted to nature to do her crimping; she never used curling-irons.

"In the way of detail her complexion was beyond all question her best point, although she herself took a more especial pride in her feet. Her cheeks were pink and white, beautifully colored. Her lips were red, her face full, and perhaps a trifle large.

"Her nose was not good, which caused her deep sorrow, and explains why it is never once mentioned in her diary. She used to say that it was a Russian peasant's nose. Her chief defect was her upper lip. It was too long—decidedly too long.

"Her feet she adored.

"They were really beautiful, as well preserved and fondly cared for as an ordinary young woman's hands. Her toe nails were carefully maintained, manipulated, and polished, and generally made much of. Those feet that she was so fond of having photographed and of exhibiting were plump and white, and dimpled like a baby's. They were very small, and she was like other girls in the fact that she wore shoes smaller than they were. In spite of these tight shoes, she had not a corn, or a sign of a corn. She hated corns—hated them violently. The curious fact that she managed to combine tight shoes and freedom from corns worried her girl friends who had tight shoes and corns on their feet. The secret of it was that she never walked when she could possibly help doing so, and, in fact, never took exercise of any sort, except riding early in her life.

"In her later years, she gave up that form of exercise also. She never rode in Paris, simply for the reason that the French horse-dealers would not allow her to do so. In Paris, girls can not ride out even with a servant, or with a servant and a young man, but may not even ride with a young woman friend and that young woman friend's brother. Some man of their own blood must be on hand to prevent the wild performances of which, according to the French Mrs. Grundy's imagination, horseback riding lends itself.

"Marie Bashkirtseff was also proud of very little, which, as her slippers, like her boots, were smaller than her feet, was a very good thing. She did not dance much, because she hardly ever wore corsets with evening dress, and under those circumstances, as she told her friends, disliked having a man's arm around her waist.

"Besides, dancing gave her palpitation of the heart.

"Two photographs exist in which Marie appears with her beautiful and well beloved feet unhampered by shoes or stockings. But she was not satisfied merely with having her feet photographed.

"Shortly after she joined Julien's studio, she became interested in a young artist who was studying in the adjoining studio, in the art-school. His work was praised, he was poor, and Marie wanted to do him good. She sent for him to paint her feet. She never saw his face, and he never saw her face. He saw only her feet. She sat with her big aunt behind a curtain, beneath which her feet and ankles alone were visible. Both feet were resting on a dark-red velvet-cushion. Beneath one was a half-crushed bouquet of purple violets. It was a very effective pair of feet.

"The picture was a success. No skirt of any sort was visible—only the dimpled feet and the ankles half-way up to the knees. The picture is now cheerfully pointed out to friends who visit Mme. Bashkirtseff's house.

"This incident of the feet-painting no doubt led to an unpleasant and unjust story which was circulated in Julien's studio about Marie by her enemies. The story related that the rich young Russian's main idea in coming to the studio where great professors taught, was to get upon such a footing with one or several of those professors as would allow her to realize the dream of her life—to be painted nude by a great artist.

"This thing is not unknown among society women in Paris, or, for that matter, out of Paris. For instance, the painter Gervex has the reputation of having had women of beauty and fashion pose for him 'for the Academy,' which, in main English, means stark nude. Whether or not Marie ever entertained this silly vanity, it is very certain that she never yielded to it. There is not the slightest possible doubt of that. She knew that the story was told in the studio concerning her, and attributed it openly to Mlle. Baudry-Sorrel.

"The beauty of her form, although she never invited any great artist to immortalize it, was certainly Marie's keenest pride and delight. Many women in Paris to-day do know that she had the most beautiful body in France, which probably means anywhere, as the French women, though not having pretty faces, usually are very well made.

"Marie was proud at having her girl friends see how beautiful she was after her bath. She took a special pride in filling with jealousy her rival in art, Mlle. Breslau, whom she described as crooked and flat, and to whom she gave an unexpected opportunity of observing how far from crooked and flat she (Marie) was."

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; A Born Coquette, by The Duchess. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

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Montgomery Peel.

My first impression of Montgomery Peel shall never be forgotten. It was, as a justice of the peace, presiding at the preliminary trial of Andrew Brukemore, charged with the murder of David C. Cahoon. I was a mere boy at the time, but I remember that Montgomery Peel made a profound impression on me, and I also recollect that when my father, in answer to a question, said that a justice of the peace was not a civil officer, I wondered why Peel had taken the place—wondered why he had not declared himself governor of the state. He was a very tall man, with black, curly whiskers, and a great growth of dark-brown whiskers. He presided as my ideal of dignity; his voice was penetrating and his questions were to the point. At first, every one appeared to think that Andrew Brukemore was surely the murderer of David C. Cahoon, but as the examination proceeded, as the justice threw the soft light of apparent innocence upon the dark complexion of seeming guilt, it was plainly seen that the prisoner would not be held to await the action of the grand jury.

"Gentlemen," said Montgomery Peel, arising and addressing the assembly, "I have attempted to look with the eye of calmness and wisdom into this case. I have blunted my ears to the whisperings of prejudice, and within myself I have quieted every impulse that sought to jump toward a hasty conclusion. At first the evidence was bold against this man, but what at first seemed to be a wall of evidence now proves to be a fog of deception. Andrew Brukemore," he continued, turning majestically to the prisoner, "there are times, sir, when we are called upon to face trials of dark severity. You have faced yours, and now step aside without a stain upon your garments. Gentlemen, it is my desire that you all shake hands with Mr. Brukemore."

The scene was affecting. In that quiet Virginia community murder was of rare occurrence; indeed, many old men who were present had never before seen a prisoner held under so grave a charge. Every one pressed forward and shook hands with Brukemore, and I remember hearing a red-headed, freckled-faced boy say:

"I reckon the folks air cryin', pap, 'cause they air sorry they ain't goin' to hang him."

This trial seemed to make a different man of Montgomery Peel, for he attended church more regularly, and when his term of office expired he did not announce himself as a candidate for re election.

One day, several years later, father and I were riding through the woods when we came upon Montgomery Peel, cutting down a tree.

"Why, what are you doing here?" my father asked. "You are surely not chopping firewood this hot weather."

"No," said the giant—and he was indeed a giant—"I am going to build a house."

"What, build a house away out here?"

"Yes, for the house I am going to build would be out of place anywhere except in the quiet woods. I am going to build a church."

"It will take a strong preacher, Peel, to draw a congregation away up here."

"If the size of the congregation depends upon the strength of the preacher, it is likely to be small, for I am to be the preacher."

"You are joking."

"Did you ever know me to joke?" he asked, standing with one hand resting on the tree and gazing earnestly at my father.

"I don't know that I ever did, Peel, but I can hardly believe that a man of bright prospects could content himself with preaching in this lonely place. Why, there isn't a house within three miles."

"Peter sometimes preached many miles distant from a house, yet thousands of people went to hear him."

"Yes, that is true, but Peter proclaimed a new and interesting gospel, while you can only hope to follow in a well-worn path."

He gazed intently at my father, and thus answered: "We have seen a path that was worn, and then we have seen it deserted—have seen the grass and weeds grow where the ground was once made smooth and bare by many feet."

"True enough, Peel; and now let me say that if you are in earnest, I hope that you may be instrumental in drawing thousands from the wickedness of the world."

"I dare not hope to draw thousands," said he. "I dare not picture to my mind a multitude flocking to hear me—but I will dare hope to draw one soul away from an awaiting destruction, and, if I do even that much, I shall feel that my church has been built to some purpose."

As we rode along, my father was silent for some time, and then, as though speaking to himself, said, "The poor fellow has lost his mind."

The report that Montgomery Peel was building a church far away in the woods naturally awakened great interest in the community. Many of the men declared that he must have lost his mind, but the women, with that hopeful sympathy which ever expects a good result from an ostensibly pious action, averred that he was appointed to bring about a great reformation. Wives persuaded their husbands to assist in building the church, and thus aided, Peel was soon ready to deliver his first sermon. It was on a Sunday, warm, clear and beautiful, that hundreds of people flocked to see him. I remember hearing one man, a cynical fellow, remark:

"Oh, he has gone off this way for effect. He knows that if he had gone into a regular church nobody would pay any attention to him. He always was a sort of theatrical fellow anyway."

"Why do you call him a theatrical fellow?" the man's wife spoke up. "I am sure that I never heard of his going to a theater."

"Mary Ann, you don't know what you are talking about."

"I know enough not to talk about a man that is trying to do good in the world."

"Good in the world!" her husband contemptuously repeated. "There's altogether too much talk these days about men doing good in the world. If a man wants to do good, why don't he plant something and raise stuff for people to eat?"

"It is quite as important to take care of poor people's souls."

"I don't know about that. The Lord will fix the soul business all right."

The church was crowded. Montgomery Peel stepped forward on a sort of platform, still majestic, but with a sprinkling of gray in his beard. A hymn was sung, a prayer was offered and the preacher thus began:

"My friends, I will not explain why I have erected this church, other than that I have taken it upon myself to preach the Word of God. I do not come before you claiming to have been directly called to deliver the word to you—that is, I heard no voice telling me to preach, but I did feel that I could do much good and that it was my duty to spend the rest of my life in this service. I shall attempt no revolution, and those of you that have come expecting to hear a new doctrine, will be disappointed. I believe the immortal fruit grows upon the tree of sincere repentance. I believe that each of us owes to God a life of simple purity and honesty. Our allotted time on earth is but a few days, and what should we gain though we be placed in high position among men, for high positions soon crumble into the dust of forgetfulness and men soon pass away. It is not enough simply to declare that we love the Lord, for love is often selfish; it is not enough simply to praise the Lord, for praise is sometimes the offshoot of fear. While professing to love the Lord, and while showing that we praise Him, we must look with tenderness upon the faults of others, we must speak no evil word of a neighbor, neither shall we bear tales, for the man who comes and tells us that some one has spoken in our dispraise, may profess that he took our part and hushed the mouth of slander, yet he destroys our happiness for an entire day. Every Sunday hereafter—that is, so long as I am able—I shall preach in this house, urging repentance and kindness of heart. Many people have wondered at the great change that has come over me. This was a natural result of so unexpected an action. Bear with me—come and commune with me, and I do not think that any one will ever regret that this humble house was placed here among the trees."

Many years passed. I grew up and wandered in foreign countries. My father passed away, and still, a letter from an old friend told me Montgomery Peel continued to preach. I returned home, and on the following Sunday went to the log church, now almost covered with moss. The congregation was singing a hymn when my friend and I entered.

"Where is the preacher?" I asked when we had seated ourselves.

"Hasn't come up yet. He lives in a cellar immediately under the floor, and has grown so old and infirm that we sometimes have to wait for him."

The hymn was finished and still he did not come. Another hymn was sung and then a man arose and said that he would go down and see if anything had happened to the preacher. The man soon returned. "Brethren," said he, "the old man is dead. Those of you who desire to do so may come down and see him."

Nearly every one shrank back, but I went down into the cellar. The old man, shriveled and white with age, lay upon a bed of straw. The place was dark, and when we held a candle near his face we found a paper pinned to the bosom of his shirt. Written on the paper were these words:

"Read this to the congregation.

"We went upstairs, and the man that had found the dead preacher thus addressed the awe-stricken congregation:

"Brethren and sisters, we have a communication from the old gentleman whose voice you shall never again hear."

He then read thus:

"The hand of death is upon me, and I feel that it is my duty to say a few words to you, my dear people. You have been so good, so patient and so kind that I love you with all my soul. I have loved you ever since I needed your love. I will tell you when I first needed your love and sympathy: Many years ago, I was walking along a lonely road. Night hawks may have cried, but I did not hear them; I could not have heard the voice of an angel had it shouted at me. I met a man—I knew that he was coming that way. 'Hold,' said I. He stopped and asked what I wanted. 'I want you,' said I. 'What do you want with me?' 'I want you to give me something.' 'What do you want me to give?' 'Your life.' 'Why?' 'Because you ruined my home years ago.' I sprang on him there in the moonlight. I cut out his heart and wiped his face with it. That man was David C. Cahoon."—*Opie P. Reid, in Arkansaw Traveler.*

Loose Social Regulations.

A correspondent writing of a Washington scandal, to the Indianapolis *Journal*, says: It is the general comment among the older people living here that the lines of social intercourse seem to be more loosely drawn here than in any city in the Union. No one seems to inquire who any one is. Every man, provided he has a dress coat and keeps his finger-nails in good condition, has the *entree* everywhere. There are dozens of cases in this town, for instance, where men who are known in their own home to be thoroughly worthless are received here with the greatest favor. There are cases of men masquerading as noblemen in their own country who are known, by those of their native country here, to be sharks and perfect scamps.

Nowhere is the question of chaperonage more loosely considered. The chaperon in Washington seems to be considered a nuisance to be avoided and deceived wherever it is possible. Young girls go out by themselves, and no one seems to think it anything remarkable. A few nights ago a young girl arose from her seat in the theater in the middle of an act, long before the play was out, was joined by her escort, and the two left the theater, and entering a carriage waiting for them, drove off. As the coachman gathered up his reins the young man was heard to say: "Drive to the ——" naming a well-known resort just outside of Washington. This was 10o'clock in the evening, but there seemed to be no comment about it except a general smile.

In matters of dress Washington can claim the distinction of being further advanced, so far as evening costumes are concerned, than even New York. Washington is the paradise of the gentlemanly beat. Just why it should be so is a mystery, except that it lies in the fact that the ruling principle of Washington life seems to be "mind your own business." Some ultra patriotic Americans blame this condition of affairs to the presence of the diplomats here. Every legation has a dozen or more young attaches, who come to Washington avowedly for the purpose of having a good time. No one knows anything about them, and indeed no one cares to know. Some of them may be less white blood in them than the very waiters who hand them refreshments, but they are none the less popular, provided they have money enough to buy a dress coat, or, failing of that, to borrow a dress coat and have credit enough to buy an occasional bunch of roses. They are received and welcomed with open arms, and some of the ugly scandals in Washington life occur from the arms at times being too far opened. It will be idle to hope that the White episode will teach the young girls in Washington a lesson. The chances are that six months hence there will be just as disgraceful a scandal as this, and just as many girls in a fear and trembling of just as disgraceful exposure as there is here to-day.

A Woman's Reason.

Fringed kisses are the latest fad in confectionery, and Freshleigh Youngbee asked his best girl one day: "Aw, why are you girls so fond of fringed kisses, you know?"

And she, gazing at the feeble growth on his upper lip, answered cruelly: "Because we've got tired of waiting for the mustache that never comes."

Young Men for War.

The energetic manner in which Emperor Wilhelm is weeding old men out of the German army is shown by statistics: At the end of 1884 there were 3 948 officers of the Prussian contingent in retirement; to day there are 4,572. Generals of infantry and cavalry have been remorselessly mown down.

Philadelphia Gall.

The Philadelphia Times says: In answer to the question "What women are the best dancers?" Prof. Asher makes the sweeping assertion, and he says he has good grounds for it, that the Philadelphia women are the finest dancers in the world.

Studies of Character.

Character Student—That man ahead is a spendthrift.

His Wife—How do you know?

"As he walks along, he keeps his eyes on the store windows."

"Huh! Every woman does that."

"Yes."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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and you will receive it by return post.

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Spokesman (to Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon)—The World's Fair Boom Association of Chicago has appointed us a committee to come over an' buy this 'ere old Shakespeare house, down the street. We've inspected her, an' she seems to be genooine. We want to ship her home an' set her up on the Fair grounds. Now, what'll ye take fer her?—*Puck.*

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It also contains a table of 15,000 Synonyms, 11 pages of A Pronouncing Vocabulary of Greek and Latin Proper Names, 47 pages of A Pronouncing Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, and 1,500 Pictorial Illustrations.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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A Good Story.

On page four of this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT is published the first half of an excellent short story from the pen of Mr. T. A. Gregg, editor of the *Evening News*. Mr. Gregg handles the Queen's English with skill and taste, and in this case has clothed with it a plot of singular interest and clever construction. Read this story; it is well worth it.

Speak English.

Have you ever, dear reader, met one of those highly trained individuals whose residence in foreign lands or whose acquaintance with the languages of those countries has so permeated his modes of thought and speech, that he cannot speak his mother tongue in ordinary conversation without introducing beautiful phrases from one of the languages which thus afflict him? I think you have. I know I have met many. Otherwise perhaps they are most estimable, gentle creatures, but the incessant urging to let you infer that they really know more than appears on the surface will not allow them to content themselves with plain Anglo-Saxon. They would have you think that they have been so much abroad, so much in foreign society that the other language has become a second nature to them, and that our own language is so poor a vehicle of expression that they must needs hale in some French or German or Italian phrase which alone is able to convey the portentous thoughts that are in their minds.

Such gentle sinners against our faith in our own good old fashioned English are bad enough, but there is even a worse variety of these offenders, who add to their already grave breach of what is true and honest, by immediately translating the phrase used, thus showing its uselessness and offending their hearers by supposing the phrase to be enigmatical to them. For that is really what such a procedure means. It presupposes a lack of knowledge and education on the part of the listener such as would only be given expression to by the vulgar or malicious. The English language has produced enough poets and graceful prose writers to justify every one of our nation in confining himself to its use alone, save in cases where technical subjects are spoken of, where it is frequently the case that one language has become universal. All good breeding and gentle politeness is based upon the constant ignoring of the disadvantages, mental, physical or material, of those we speak to, and to draw his attention to the fact that we consider him lacking in the details of a polite education which we ourselves may be fortunate enough to acquire, conveys a grave slight to our hearer. After all, is it not more creditable to be so well versed in our own speech and its literature that we can at all times express ourselves freely and to the point in it—than to fall under the suspicion that we are so poverty stricken in our resources that we must seek foreign aid to adequately express our thoughts? Ponder it well, and be honest and English in your speech as in other things, and above all when you do use a foreign phrase, do not by inference tell your auditor that he knows nothing about it.

PERCY.

Music.

On Saturday evening last the Island Aquatic Association held another of its pleasant At Homes, this time at Mrs. Mead's spacious house. The large dining-room was crowded, and under the able direction of Mr. D. E. Cameron a pleasing programme was well carried out. The performers were: Mme. D'Auria, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Massie, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. D. M. Stewart, Mr. Charles Hirschfelder, Mr. E. W. Schuch and Mr. D. E. Cameron, with Signor D'Auria and Mr. G. H. Fairclough as accompanists. The music having been disposed of, the room was cleared for dancing which kept up until the near approach of Sunday morning compelled its cessation. Among those present were: Mr. J. P. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Madison, Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, Mr. Norman Macrae, Miss Francis, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Cayley, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, Mr. Fred. Meagher, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. George Bartlett, Mr. J. G. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Williams, Mrs. Argle, Mr. and Mrs. Leckie, Mr. Rud Boulton, Mr. Frank Lee, Capt. Ashworth, Mr. Hamish Massie, Master and Miss Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Thompson, Miss Blossom, Mr. Jack Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Goldman, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Wood, Mrs. Jack and the Misses Drynan.

*

Mr. Harold Jarvis has returned from England after pursuing his musical studies in London. He is looking well and hearty and will remain here until October. I hear he has already been engaged to sing at several "functions."

Mr. Percy V. Greenwood, formerly organist of All Saints' church, now of St. John's church, Boston, has been in town for a few days visiting his friends.

*

Mrs. Edgar J. Jarvis has written a cantata, which is being set to music by Signor D'Auria. The subject is an incident of the Crusades, which affords abundant variety in treatment. Next week I hope to have more to say on this.

*

Mr. Percival T. Greene is hard at work at his subscription list for the Strauss concert. Considering the large number of people who are out of town, Mr. Greene's list is showing respectable dimensions, and it is to be hoped that he will soon augment it sufficiently to reward him for his enterprise in bringing such an attraction to Toronto. METRONOME.

*

DEAR METRONOME,—My attention has been drawn to the report now being circulated to the effect that a large portion of the members of the Toronto Vocal Society had expressed their intention of not singing with it this season, owing to their having cast in their lot with a newer organization. I think it is only just to the committee and conductor of the Toronto Vocal Society, as well as to the public which has generously supported it in former years, that some definite statement on this point should be made public. We may have lost a few members, mostly ladies, but we can safely assert that a large number of our choristers are with us. I have the usual declaration of intention to renew membership from most of the best members of our chorus, and in addition to these have applications from intending new members, more than sufficient to bring the society up to its full limit of membership, so that there is no question of our choral force being up to its old standard of excellence this year. When the society reassembles the reasons which influenced the committee in selecting Mr. W. Edgar Buck as conductor for the coming season will be laid before its members *in extenso*, and, we have not the least doubt, will be found satisfactory. Whatever vacancies may then be found to have been caused by the defection of dissatisfied members will be made good from those of the new applicants who are found, on being tested, to be the most efficient. The standing of the officers and committee of the Toronto Vocal Society will be found to be a ample guarantee, to both public and members, of the proper and faithful performance of the duties devolving upon them, and with the able assistance of Mr. Buck, we expect to enter upon a year whose artistic results will surpass those of any previous period in the history of the society. H. BOURLIER,
Secretary-Treasurer.
August 13. Toronto Vocal Society.

The Drama.

The veteran Charles Fisher of Daly's company is said to have retired from the stage. He went first on the stage in London in 1844. He has been with Daly for seventeen years and has been a particular favorite with both manager and the members of the company. There is a pretty little romance connected with his old age which has terminated very happily it seems. He had long lived alone, for his first wife, an actress, had been buried many years. Fifteen years ago a bright-eyed little girl in the Daly company was a Miss Brown, whose face was not pretty, but whose manners were most attractive. It isn't quite certain to this day how Charles Fisher and Miss Brown came to love each other. There was vast disparity between them in age, as in professional standing. She was 16, he was 50; she was among the humblest subordinates in Mr. Daly's stock, seldom assuming a speaking part; he was a favorite among favorites, a high-salaried actor, and a fine old English gentleman. If their wooing was brief, it was also unobtrusive, for there was no member of the company who was not surprised when this odd match was announced. But there was no end of good wishes for the strangely assorted pair. There was a quiet wedding, and Mr. Fisher's daughter by his first wife found herself in the novel possession of a stepmother some years younger than herself. The daughter had always kept house for him, but thenceforth there was a new order of domestic arrangements. The young bride made a pretty little home for her fond old husband, and there is good ground to believe that he has enjoyed every moment of his second married life. It is certain that Mr. and Mrs. Fisher are to this day a most devoted couple, and that in his still young wife the aging actor finds a true helpmate, an intelligent adviser and a sympathetic, gentle companion.

*

Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie have shut up shop at the London Gaiety and are touring the provinces prior to making their next American visit. At the closing night, says a London paper, "Miss Farren made a nice little speech and entreated the 'dear boys' not to forget their 'very own Nellie' and blessed everybody all around, at which the mashers took their button-holes from their coats and pelted their very own Nellie, so that Freddie Leslie was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees along the stage and pick them up." Truly, a charming scene.

*

When it is advertised that Sara Bernhardt will appear at a benefit performance, it would be as well to add provisionally "nerves permitting." At the Criterion, London, she was allowed to choose her own place in the programme, and, finding the stage occupied when she arrived, she simply declined to take her turn, and off she went in a pet. She was announced to appear at the Marlowe fund entertainment, and, when they sent a letter to say that they waited her pleasure to know when to expect her, she remarked to the messenger that there was no answer. It is no easy matter to deal with a woman of genius.

*

They have a good scheme in Spain for running a theater in hot weather. In a number of theaters four one-act plays are given every night and the audiences are dismissed after each play so that admission tickets at very low prices may be had for any one of the plays presented.

*

Emma V. Sheridan, leading lady of the Boston Museum Company, who was married to Alfred Brooks Fry in Boston last week, has a very sensible father in the sturdy person of the soldier and orator, Gen. George A. Sheridan. He said the other day: "Emma has a year's engagement yet to fill at the Museum, after which she will probably retire from the stage. They had my consent and blessing, of course, although I have always told my daughter that she ought to marry the man of her choice, whether I liked him or not. It so happens that I like Mr. Fry." Miss Sheridan played in Toronto with Thomas Keene two seasons ago.

*

N. S. Wood, the "boy" actor, is to play Out in the Streets this season. That's where most boys like to play; but they generally give it up by the time they are thirty, and that's the age N. S. will attain next year.

*

Dion Boucicault believes that in Sol Smith Russell he has found the legitimate successor to Joseph Jefferson. He says these two comedians proceed on like methods. Each is gifted with a pleasant personality, on which depends much of the effect produced. The scope of each is about the same. Russell excels in facial mobility, Jefferson in touches of tenderness. The character composed for the former comedian in The Tail of a Coat, is one of those serio-comic portraits similar to those the author formerly supplied to Mr. Jefferson and which mainly tended to shape his career, such as Rip Van Winkle, Caleb Plummer and Salem Scudder. Mr. Russell opened in his new play in New York on Thursday night.

*

Francis Wilson contributes an article to a morning paper in which he protests against the flower-nuisance on first-nights. His objection to receiving floral tributes over the footlights on these occasions is based on the fact that the procession of ushers with their fragrant burdens interrupts the action of the piece, and the interest of the audience is afterward restored with the greatest difficulty. Mr. Wilson neglects to state as yet more conclusive reason why an actor should object to being flowered, says the *Mirror*. It is that this form of compliment, which we imported from Europe, is confined there to women. A French or German actor would consider a bouquet in the light of an insult. He would indignantly reject a tribute as purely feminine as a box of *bon bons* or a painted fan. Here, neither the friends of actors nor the actors themselves seem to realize the bad taste of this kind of thing. And, therefore, we frequently see a man smirking his delight over a basket of roses, while his admirers perceive nothing unmanly in the spectacle.

*

Probably the least tractable and the most exasperating crank in the stage world is Richard Mansfield. "It is impossible," said a former manager of his a few weeks ago, "to live with Mansfield. He is a despot, an ingrate, an egotist; and he is eaten up by vanity." There is a modest comedian, George Lauri by name, who is authority for the story that Mansfield was booked to play in a certain city, that when he arrived there he found it was raining furiously. As soon as he reached his hotel he called in his acting manager and after a scene of unusually maddening arrogance peremptorily discharged him for booking a date in a rainy one night stand!

*

The assertion is made that Joseph Jefferson is the richest actor in America—perhaps in the world.

*

M. Got, the doyen of the French theater, sheds some original light upon his profession. He says: "You ask me if a comedian requires intellect in order to succeed. None whatever. I would go even further, and say that the less intellect he has the better he will get on. Actors without intellect—and heaven knows there are plenty of them—rush forward without fear, full of self-reliance, while if they were intellectual they would be continually afraid that their interpretation of such and such a character was wrong, and, fearful of having made a mistake, would lose their confidence. Speaking broadly, therefore, it is best that the actor should not be possessed of a great intellect. Many artists are in exactly the same position. For my own part, I know many sculptors and painters of real talent who outside of their own line are as foolish as geese."

Literary Notes.

The *Dominion Illustrated* has changed hands.

The *New England Magazine* for August has been made a Grand Army number and is filled with memoirs, reminiscences and poetry of the war preceded by an exhaustive article on the Grand Army of the Republic.

Appletons are publishing a novel entitled Geoffrey Hampstead, from the pen of Mr. Thomas Stinson Jarvis of Toronto. It is said to contain graphic sketches of yachting and of a Canadian athletic contest.

An investigation of the history of English literature reveals that many of its most brilliant works have been produced by men who have qualified themselves for the study of law. The number of lawyers in literature will be found to be perhaps greater than the members of any other profession. And now one of our own young barristers, Mr. A. M. Taylor, of the law firm of Taylor, McCullough & Burns, has taken to the pen, and during the past week has made his *début* as a novelist. Jean Grant is the interesting title of this book which has been published by Lovell & Co. of New York. The story deals with American characters and has its plot laid pretty much over the whole globe, for the hero is something of a traveler. He even goes into the wilds of New Guinea where the foot of white man had never before penetrated. The style of the writer is vigorous and terse and the book contains some graphic descriptive passages. It might be thought that in some instances the author has trangressed the bounds of probability. However, the story is a romantic one and will repay a perusal.

The Texan Cowboy.

Cowboy life has in the last few years lost much of its roughness. The cattle barons have discharged most of the men who drank, and have frowned so persistently upon gambling that little of it is done. Cards and whisky being put away, there is small temptation to disorderly conduct; so it is only when they reach some large city, and are not on duty, that they indulge in a genuine spree. On the ranches kept under fences they have little to do when not on the drive or in branding time, the cattle being all safely enclosed. But they must take their turns at line riding, which means a close inspection of the fences, and the repair of all breaks and damages. Where night overtakes them, they sleep, staking their horses, and rolling themselves in their blankets. These rides of inspection take days to accomplish, for there are ranches in Texas which extend in a straight line over seventy-five miles. Those ranches which are not kept under fence necessitate more work. The boys must then keep their cattle in sight, and, while allowing them to graze in every direction, must see that none in many thousands stray beyond the limits of their own particular pastures. They go then in parties, scattering over the territory, for they must cover hundreds of thousands of acres in a day.

It is not a life of hardship, and pays well enough. Everything is furnished to them free and of the very best, and they are paid besides thirty dollars a month. Each party stays out from two to three weeks at a time; but they take with them the finest of camp wagons, with beds and bedding, cooking utensils, the best of groceries of all kinds, and as excellent a cook as money can employ. The prairies are full of game, and their rifles are ever handy. The life is free, fascinating and peculiarly healthy.

These men are exceedingly chivalrous to all women; this seems to be a trait born in them, as much a part of their moral nature as it is of their physical to have small feet, for it is seldom that a genuine Texas cowboy can be found with a large one. The distinguishing mark of a handsome foot, and his boots are to him all that the sombrero is to a Mexican. He will deny himself many pleasures, he will go without a coat, and be seen in most dilapidated attire, but his boots must be of the best and most beautiful make that the country can afford; high of heel and curved of instep, a fine upper and a thin sole, fitting like a glove and showing the handsome foot to perfection.

Take the cowboys as a class, they are bold, fearless and generous, a warm-hearted and manly set, with nothing small, vicious, nor mean about them, and Texas need not be ashamed of the brave and skilled riders who traverse the length and breadth of her expansive prairies.—*Harper's Magazine.*

It Cured Him.

"You may abuse newspaper men all you please," said a robust chap in the smoking-room of a sleeping-car, "but I want to tell you that I have a weakness for reporters. A reporter once saved my life."

"How?"

"Well, three years ago I thought I was dying with consumption. My brother, and friends thought so too. It appeared to be a clear case. One day a reporter bustled into my room, took his pencil and notebook and began business without any unnecessary delay.

"'Mr. Johnson,' said he, 'I understand that you are dying with consumption. Will you please give me a history of your life?'

"'Well, gentlemen, but for that reporter I should not now be alive. I summoned all my remaining strength, threw the reporter downstairs, slid down the bannister, and jumped on him before he could get up, pounded him into a black swelling, and then threw him into the street. An hour later I heard that he was likely to die from his injuries, and so I took the first train to the West, going clear up into the mountains and roughing it like a prospector. Now look at me!"

"Did the reporter die?"

"Not a bit of it. He's now the editor-in-chief of a paper in Cincinnati."

His Question.

Young Mr. Hankinson had sat in embarrassed silence for some moments looking at the shapely fingers of the lovely girl as if taking the measure of one of them for a golden circlet. Presently he spoke.

"Miss Pinkie," he said, "you will not think I am taking too great a liberty, I hope, if I ask you a—a somewhat personal question!"

"Certainly not, Mr. Hankinson," replied Miss Pinkie, softly.

"Then please tell me," he rejoined, "how you got those warts off your knuckle. My little sister's hands are covered with them."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Cool Explanation.

City Victim (sweltering)—Where is the cool fresh breeze you advertised, old man?

Jersey Farmer—It's gone now. You see I advertised in February.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Making Up Lost Time.

Mrs. Youngthing—How long have these eggs been boiling, Bridget?

Bridget—Eighteen minutes, mum.

Mrs. Youngthing—Why, I told you to boil them only three minutes!

Bridget—Oi know that, mum, but the kitchen clock is fifteen minutes slow, mum.

Obedience.

"John, will you mind the baby?"

"I will, my dear, if you think I can make him mind me."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

She Starts Him.

If anything in this world can put wings on the wings of indolence it is a woman with a dipper of hot water and a forward impulse when a tramp is "sassy."—*The Ram's Horn.*

Matter of Fact.

Summer Girl (roguishly)—Why do you want to kiss me?

College Youth (frankly)—Oh, just to get acquainted.—*Newark Town Talk.*

A Valuable Commodity.

Iceman (at front door)—Ice! [Ten-ounce chunk rattles over stone walk].

First tramp (to pal)—Hey, Bill, here's our chance. We are saved at last.

Second tramp—How so?

First tramp—You b'iff him on de jaw, and I'll seize de jewel an' run!—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Cruel Indignity to a Tramp.

"I beg your pardon, madam, for intruding upon you at meal time," he said, politely, "but may I ask you for a little salt?"

The lady brought him a salt-box. He looked at it meditatively and leaned against one of the pillars of the porch.

"It is a foolish habit I have got into," he said, in an apologetic way, "and I dare say you will consider it one of questionable taste, but I always eat salt on my watermelon."

"But you haven't any watermelon," said the lady of the house.

"Thank you kindly for suggesting it," answered the seedy-looking tourist, gratefully. "Shall I eat the melon out here?"

"I don't see how you can. We have no watermelon to-day."

"No watermelon at all in the house?"

"None."

"Then, madam," said the caller, in the tone of an injured man, "permit me to return the salt. I will not say I am angry, I am hurt—deeply hurt. You have raised my expectations and cruelly disappointed them. I leave you, madam, to your own reflections."

He made a low bow, handed back the salt-box with the air of a king declining a duke-dom, and two minutes later he was on the back porch at the next neighbor's asking for a little horse radish.—*Chicago Herald.*

Their Sentiments.

SCENE.—A HOTEL OFFICE.

Characters:
Mr. Miggs of Michigan. } Chance acquaintances.
Mr. Diggs of Delaware. }

Miggs—You are quite right, sir. The saloon is everywhere the worst enemy civilization has to contend with. The question how to regulate the liquor traffic is a great one, a difficult one to solve.

Diggs—And yet it must be solved, for the hellish business is demoralizing the whole people. I realize this, although I am not as yet a strict prohibitionist.

Miggs—I am not either. It is one thing to take a glass of beer occasionally and another thing to——

Diggs—Will you——

Miggs—I was just going to ask you.

THREE HOURS LATER.

Diggs—Well, goo' ni,' m' frien'.

Miggs—Goo' ni', ol' fellow.—*Detroit Free Press.*

My Sex.

For Saturday Night.

The same fair face and serious eyes,
No! not a change unless perhaps
Some trait developed but to rise
More jewel than it was. Elapse
Of months and yet so soft a hand
With tender clasp is held for me,
And thus we two together stand,
Our beating hearts in sympathy.

This little glittering band of gold
Can have no gem so fair to me.
As thy pure heart. Nor can it hold
With closer clasp my love for thee,
Take it and wear it, little friend,
I am thy lover though thou art
My sex. Be true, sweetheart, nor bend
To wrong. One kiss, one more, we part.

H. SILGER.

A Sudden Silence Fell.

For Saturday Night.

As thro' the land at eve I passed,
A sudden silence fell;
I heard the birds no longer sing,
Nor any little living thing
Its plaintive story tell.

All mutely moved the chanting wind
Among the branches high;
I held my breath, I durst not speak,
I felt that even a whisper weak
Would burst the brittle sky.

Thus a soul wandering thro' the world,
Meets death some close of day.
A moment's silence and 'tis past;
Once more he hears life's living blast,
As he resumes his way.

JAMES A. TUCKER.

Woman.

Fairer than all the fantasies that dart
Adown the dreams of our most favored sleep
Thy perfect form, since Eden's day, doth keep
The constant pattern of a perfect art.
Yet more must we admire thy better part—
The spirit strong to smile when others weep—
And well know we who sail life's ocean deep
There is no haven like a woman's heart.

Thus, often weary ere the strife is won
Tired of my task, my heart I fain would lay
In some good lady's lap; as did "the Dane,"
And watch the action of the world go on,
Knowing 'tis but a play within a play,
The fleeting portions of an endless plan.

CHAS. H CRANDALL.

Night.

For Saturday Night.

As o'er our lives the shadows quivering lie,
Hiding, but for a space, earth's gladsome light,
That we on thoughts of the Great Infinite
May ponder more, and less on things that die.
So, tender night o'er day lay dark and calm,
But, witching kind, and on its shadowy breast,
Stilled the day's tumult and its vague unrest,
And caused the more to shed its soothed balm.
And over all sweet silence as tho' God's hand,
In tender blessings pressed the earth's fair head,
And spoke His love intense o'er all the land,
Till through the hours of darkness safely led,
The gladsome day could know and understand
That truly "out of darkness cometh light."

MARY STUART.

To an Old Apple Tree.

Those maimed limbs plead thy story;
The wounds upon thy body speak for thee:
Thou art a veteran soldier scarred with glory,
My brave old apple tree!

Oft hast thou borne up under
Onset of storming wind and shot of hail:
And once a sword-lunge of assailant thunder
Slashed down thy barken mail.

Old age, disease and battle
Have scathed and crooked and crippled all thy form,
And thy Briarean bare arms clash and rattle,
Tost in the wintry storm.

I seem to feel thee shiver,
As on thy nakedness hang rags of snow:
May charitable spring, the gracious giver,
O'er thee her mantle throw.

She will; and sunshine spilling
From blue skies thou again shalt drink as wine,
And feel afresh the rush of young blood thrilling
Through that old heart of thine.

For in the season duly
Each year there rises youth's perennial power
Within thee, and thou then rejoicest newly
In robes of leaf and flower.

Ay, though thy years are many,
And sorrows heavy, yet from winter's gloom
Thou issuest with the young trees, glad as any,
At quick'ning green and bloom.

The bluebird's warble mellow
Returns like memory and calls thy name,
And, as first love, the oriole's plumage yellow
Burns through thy shade like flame

Thus thou art blest and blessest—
Thy grace of blossoms fruiting into gold;
And thou, in touch with nature, thou possessest
The art of growing old.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

What the Lady Said.

It was on the way to Donegal
I met a little maid.
Oh, her shape was so enticing
It would turn a body's head.
So I looked upon her kindly
And a courteous bow I made;
But "Faith, I do not know you, sir!"
Was what the lady said.

Her eyes were blue as flowerets,
Like sunshine was her hair,
So I said to her politely,
"Both the day and you are fair!"
But she looked at me quite coldly
And tossed her pretty head,
And "Faith, I do not know you, sir!"
Was what the lady said.

Then I kissed her boldly on the cheek
And round her threw my arm;
Tho' I whispered gently in her ear
"Sweet one, I mean no harm."
She looked up most demurely
And blushed a rosy red:
"When we meet again I'll know you, sir!"
Was what the lady said.

Boston Beacon.

Noted People.

Castelar, the Spanish statesman, is writing a life of Christ as well as a history of Spain.

Lord Randolph Churchill is reported to be coming to America very soon on a coaching tour.

Miss Joanna Baker, who is professor of Greek in an Iowa college, fills the chair which her father occupied nearly twenty years ago.

An English writer says Queen Victoria's writing retains its clearness and firmness wonderfully and is really remarkable calligraphy for a lady of seventy-two.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the hopeful son of the Prince of Wales, better known as Collars and Cuffs, is beginning to keep racehorses. The pace is evidently becoming too slow with him.

Mrs. D. C. Bloomer, who made herself a social martyr in a past generation by the adoption of the "Bloomer" costume, has lately celebrated her golden wedding, in conventional costume, at Council Bluffs, Ia.

Senator Gorman is said to be the handsomest man in the United States Senate. He is a Presbyterian, and one of the few members of the Upper House who pay sufficient respect to the chaplain's prayer to be present when it is uttered. He has been nicknamed "Cardinal."

Mr. David Dudley Field, the eminent lawyer, now eighty-six years of age, is about to don his black silk stockings and small clothes, and be presented at the levee of the Prince of Wales, after having sturdily declined that honor for many London seasons.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous Baptist preacher, who is a poor man by reason of his incessant charities, lately received a large legacy, the nulk of the estate of a devoted admirer. On hearing, however, that the relatives of his benefactor were living in absolute want, he insisted on restoring his inheritance to them.

The late Count Nicholas Pejacsevitch, Austria's most brilliant cavalry commander, was, despite the loss of an arm, an astonishingly fine horseman. He has been seen, while riding at a hand-gallop, to hitch his reins over the pommel of his saddle, get out his tobacco pouch, roll a cigarette with his one hand, and light it.

Berezowski, the Polander who attempted to kill Alexander II. of Russia while he was the guest of Napoleon III. at the Paris Exposition in 1867, still lives in New Caledonia, whither he was transported. On account of his good behavior he was allowed to build a hut of his own some distance from the big prison of Bourail, and there he is entirely unconstrained and lives the life of a hermit.

Queen Natalie of Servia's troubles have told terribly upon her. In two years she has aged twenty. It is said that she suffers from want of sleep and has recourse to opiates. Her beauty is gone and with it her youth, and the wreck of her former self is all that is left to tell the tale of her life. She is the personification of a political riddle, in the solving of which a nation is rendered wretched, a queen outraged and a mother disconsolate.

Mrs. Bonanza Mackay recently gave a concert in London in honor of Princess Louise, but the royal guest did not appear until a quarter to twelve, when the concert had commenced after long delay. Princess Louise, who has a genuine love for music, if no consideration, calmly begged the programme might begin over again. Of course a royal wish is always granted, and the artists good-naturedly complied with the request. About four o'clock in the morning the affair terminated, to everybody's relief, when it was immediately put on record as the longest musical session of the century.

It is the universal opinion that just now Lord Derby is the peer who can boast of the largest amount of "ready," says *Modern Society*. His lordship is, it appears, raising a fine breed of cattle at his seat, Fairlawn, near Sevenoaks, a place he is thought to prefer to Knowsley. He owns part of the estate of Holwood, near Beckenham, the favorite abode, then on a very modest scale, of the poorest but certainly not the least distinguished prime minister England ever had—William Pitt. Lord Derby is said to be a very lucky speculator, and, as he is a man of very quiet and abstemious tastes and habits, the money he makes he succeeds in keeping—a feat more difficult than the mere making; and thus the snowball goes on increasing and increasing, much to the satisfaction of Lord Stanley of Preston.

Sir Morell McKenzie, Queen Victoria's physician, is one of the busiest men in London, and works on an average fourteen hours a day. He lives in Harley street, Cavendish square, a thoroughfare given over to the medical profession, for out of one hundred and fifty houses on the street, two-thirds are occupied by doctors. He calls on his patients during certain hours, receives calls for consultation from ten a.m. to two p.m., and divides his time as methodically as possible. During his boyhood Sir Morell had to work his own way, and not till he was nearly nineteen years old was he able to leave his position as a clerk to study medicine. After making throat diseases a specialty for twenty-eight years, however, he stands at the head of his profession in that line, and his efforts to save the life of Emperor Frederick of Germany will not soon be forgotten.

Mr. Marion Crawford is an exceedingly handsome man, and is as perfect physically, with his six feet of manliness, as a Greek statue. By incessant physical culture he has developed each muscle to perfection, and he has distinguished himself as a brilliant fencer. His wife is as perfect in her way and one of the most beautiful of American women. She has a statuesque figure that is lithe and graceful as a reed. Those who know General Berdan remember his wonderful gray eyes and his superb physique, both of which are femininely duplicated in his daughter. When General Berdan went to Turkey, after superintending the construction of his musket invention in Russia, he was accompanied by his daughter. It was there that Marion Crawford met the lady he was fortunate enough to win for a wife. Miss Berdan created a sensation in official society in Constantinople by her beauty and grace of manner. It was there that the wedding took place which united two of the handsomest natives of the United States. Mr. Crawford is a nephew of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

A story is going the rounds that in returning the other day from a railway journey, the Marquis of Lorne had just handed the Princess Louise (senior) into a first-class compartment reserved for them, when there was a crush upon the platform, and every seat being rapidly filled up a number of travelers made a rush upon the carriage marked "reserved," and containing only one lady and gentleman. The guard came to the rescue and was informing them that no one could enter, when Princess Louise whispered to her husband, and the Marquis came to the window and letting it down said, "Never mind, guard, they may come in." "Can't allow it, sir, when the carriage is marked reserved," replied Cerberus, all unwitting who was speaking to him." "But I paid for it to be reserved, and say you may let them in," persisted the Marquis. The guard scratched his head and looked at the eager group behind him. "Look here, sir," he said persuasively, "will you give me your card, to show as I did right about it?" "That is not necessary," replied the Marquis; "I am the Marquis of Lorne. The Princess wishes these ladies and gentlemen to be let in, as there is such a scarcity of seats." Sheer good-natured courtesy, such as the Queen's children are apt to display, contrasts admirably with the heartless egotism too often manifested by rich snobs and snobesses, when the comfort of the many happens to be at variance with the luxurious ease of the few.

Grandmother's Garden.

The old-fashioned flowers are dearest to our hearts, for every breath from their sweet-lipped cups is sacred to the memory of other days. Dear memories, how they call to us when once a feeble heart-cry pierces the wall which time is building about the past! Wakened from their slumbers they grieve and beckon until we go to them and, with smiles and sadness, review the paths of the half-forgotten yesterdays. The memories that waken as we rest our eyes on old-fashioned flowers are often those of the happy days when we "went to Grandma's." We can see the tangled borders and the little, straight board-bounded path, over which the spreading vines often strayed in daring fashion.

How dear those flowers were to us and how lovingly we finger them—even now! They were not like the blazing geraniums which weary our eyes, but quaint little blooms straggling about and lending to the charm of plucking them the additional pleasure of playing hide and seek. There were johnny-jump-ups, and we culled them because of their dear little faces beaming with sunshine yellow. The "sweet Mary," with its suggestion of warmed spices, was always dear, and was pressed first in fat fingers and then against silly little noses. We tip-toed up to the holly hock—tall, scrawny-stemmed plants with ragged leaves—and often fled in terror from the angry remonstrance of some drowsy, pollen-dusted bee. The sweet clover feathers charmed us, and the gorgeous sweet William made us long to add a stiff spike to our growing cluster. The pinks were hard to gather, and when, as often happened, the grandmother had given the little flower-garner unlimited permission to pluck and pull, little fingers grew impatient and a tuft of moss-like leaf growth and a bunch of earth-sprinkled roots often clung to the chosen flower. A tiger lily in all its speckled glory was not seldom a crowning joy.

There were many other flowers, too, which came and went at the bidding of the seasons. There were crumpled discs of fragrant pink which we called June roses, waxy, golden-hearted jonquils, pink tipped daisies and yellow honey-suckle tubes, while over all the garden's growth strayed a faint perfume from swaying spikes of mignonette. There was portulacca, with its delicate stems and little sun-closed cups, trailing sprays and ambitious lengths of morning glory, saucy little marigolds, currant shrubs that flowered in the early spring and bore polished spheres of tart fruit in the summer, snowballs and lily-of-the-valley and scattered treasures of many other families of sweet old-fashioned flowers.

The gardens have all changed now. The snows of many winters have been piled on shrub and vine. The rains of many springs have weakened the frost's clutches, and the half angry winds have loosened, year after year, many showers of blossom petals and tossed them on the greening grass. The flowers may grow there still, but the dear eyes that watched them so carefully, and the skilled hands that nurtured the weakling growths with such tenderness were closed and folded years ago.

The old-fashioned flowers bring before me now from those days the remembrance of her as she walked down the path of her little garden. Patient in sickness, strong for her loved ones, gentle and kind to the small, restless chatterer beside her, as to the fragile blossoms of her garden, she was the worshipped idol of at least one young heart.

It will ever be so! we love the flowers of long ago in all their hidden and oft rejected beauty, partly for their own sakes, but far more because the past they recall blesses us in its sweet remembrance—because they are so intimately woven in and through the life pattern which every sun-down is nearer its completion.

FRANCES BURTON CLARK.

Beauty as New Yorkers See It.

The cream of what is called New York beauty goes to Newport in the summer, and it is on the bluff there that you will see the women who are judged the fairest in the land. But pause, Nineteenth-Century Paris, before you haste thither with the apple in your hand. The New Yorker has a strange taste in beauty, an acquired taste you might say. Not that he would admire Katisha, but he would admire women who to outsiders would be veritable Katishas. These are the attributes necessary to make a woman beautiful in his eyes: First, that indescribable attribute known variously as style, air, manner, poise, etc., that capacity of looking as if you were some one which certain women who are nobodies are born with, and most women who are somebodies never can acquire; secondly, the faculty of always being well dressed; thirdly, a charming manner; fourthly, a good figure. Then, with a fifth, you can just throw in all those commonplace details, such as skin, eyes, hair, etc. They are nice, agreeable, charming, and all that, but they will not any more make a beauty without the others than one swallow will make spring all by itself.

It is upon this point of air and style that the New Yorker banks and makes his brag on the beauty of his women folk. And on this point he is justified in bragging. New York women are the most stunning in the country. When a one of them, named as a belle, walks abroad, every one turns to look at her—and not at her face, but at the splendor and air of her, at her presence, at her way of wearing her clothes, and walking, and carrying her head. She holds you by a sort of defiant magnificence that has nothing to do with what she has on, or the curve of her waist, or the dressing of her hair, but that seems to emanate from herself, her own personality, the core of her being. She looks and walks and seems as if she came of a noble race. You do not like to say a race of princes, because most modern races of princes have produced the most hideous and dowdy lot of women to be found on the face of earth. But this New York beauty would make a fine princess. She would look well on a throne, though she is rather scraggy and has small eyes. You never can imagine her doing anything prone, losing her self-possession, or looking otherwise than indifferently magnificent.

At Newport there are hosts of these princessly looking ladies. They all know how to be splendid even if they are not pretty. This lady has a coil of hair that you could cover with a silver half dollar, and yet as she whirls by in her glittering spider phaeton she enchains your eyes by the haughty grace of her bearing and the sumptuous air of self-satisfaction that makes her appear immutable as a god. When a person appears to think so much of herself as this, outsiders are all inclined to think with her. The strong mind bends the weaker as it wishes. When a strong-willed lady decides to be taken seriously as a beauty, she can soon make all the world agree with her. The majority of the world of society is like "the dumb, driven cattle" that Longfellow wrote about. When a firm headed, hard-mouthed cattle-driver comes along, they will all trot any way he wants them to rather than have any question about it. When a cool-headed, quiet, deadly determined woman says: "You're all wrong in thinking large, lustrous eyes are pretty. "Little, dull, fish eyes, like mine, are the only really beautiful kind," everybody says, amiably, too lazy to disagree: "Well, perhaps she's right. She seems to know all about it, so she must be." And they all, like a Greek chorus, echo her words.

There are half-a-dozen indisputably beautiful women in New York to-day, and there are two or three dozen who are beauties by courtesy, because they wanted to be, because their friends wanted them to be, or because some enterprising society journal decided that they ought to be. A society paper and half-a-dozen well-known people made up their minds that Miss Sallie Hargous—the name, by the way, is pronounced with the e silent, as though it were French—was a beauty, and a beauty she is to-day. She is certainly remarkable looking—you will never find one of these acknowledged belles either commonplace or insignificant in appearance; in passing her any fellow would catch your eye among a crowd. She is large and heavy, with a massive figure, and a foreign-looking face, rather of the cruel type where the hair is dark, the skin pale and transparent, and the lips startlingly red. She dresses strikingly, with an eye to still further accentuating the unusualness of her type, and though the garden of buds shows half a dozen faces that are prettier and figures that are more graceful than mine, there is not one of them who is so effective or dazzling.

The most lovely women in New York to-day are blondes. The Gothamite loves a blonde, it is to him the very highest form of beauty. A girl whose coloring is intensely fair by nature—not made by art—though she may not be very pretty, can easily get herself known as a beauty if she dresses in pale colors and poses and gets herself alluded to in the papers as "a delicate blonde." Fair, yellow hair, a white skin, a slender figure, small hands, and a general air of fragility are quite sufficient to give their owner the crown of beauty, where a brown-haired Venus at her elbow is ignored. Miss Amy Bend is now supposed to be the prettiest girl in the younger set, mainly through the flawless perfection of her exquisite complexion. She is as finished as a flower, representing the absolute ideal of the fragile blonde type. Everything is in perfect harmony; there is not one feature or one shade in the coloring that does not balance with the rest. Wrists too thick or ears too large would spoil the whole, but all accords as perfectly as the notes of a nocturne. It is this harmonious completeness, this perfection of finish, that has endeared the pale blonde type to the New Yorker, who every time prefers an inferior article highly finished, to a superior article that may be crude and rough.—*The Argonaut.*

A Home Letter.

For Saturday Night.

A letter from mother—how swelled out my heart
In glimpsing it lying half-hidden apart
From tangle of papers all scattered about
By frolicsome breezes while I had been out.

I settled myself in my big office chair,
And smiling for home-news so gladly prepare;
For sadly my heart had ached home-sickness' pain,
The day had been long as all work second rain.

For scale often turns, in their hot, restless quest,
To the quiet and peace of the safe built home nest;
And nothing on earth is, nor yet e'en above,
More potent to cheer us than true mother love.

She wrote me with care, in her fashion so sweet,
The oft-mentioned caution 'gainst chill and 'gainst heat;
I must not work hard, I must husband my health,
For that was a blessing unbought yet by wealth.

Tadita was down and the roses were out,
The damasks were lovely without any doubt,
The country was perfect—to ride or to run—
Good-bye, little darling, and try to come home.

Oh! blessing to those who are working alone,
Though long past the girlhood swift years may have flown.
When hearts have grown weary and work-worn the aim,
These letters of home-love will guard from all harm.

So working I treasure these missives so dear,
And listening, I fancy her voice I can hear;
And I often read o'er in the quiet dusk hour
Those heart-throbbed words with their soul-saving power.

FRANCES BURTON CLARK.

The Evils of Bad Writing.

A curious mistake came near causing a terrible social upheaval in a Western military post not very long ago, says the *Illustrated American*. A young officer undertook to order, for the use of some of the ladies of the place, copies of the London Lancers from a bookseller in a distant town. His handwriting was not very legible. The bookseller misread the order as the *London Lancet*, and one morning a number of leading belles were horrified at finding in their mail, with the compliments of Lieutenant Blank," a copy of the great medical journal of London, the first page whereof happened to be profusely illustrated with cuts that were admissible, and even laudable, in a paper for specialists, but not exactly suited for the social or family circle. Great was the indignation throughout the town at what was supposed at first to be a practical joke of a peculiarly heinous character, and even after the matter had been fully explained, it was long before the young lieutenant could meet his female friends without a blush.

Cardinal Newman.

One of England's most prominent and widely known theologians was Cardinal Newman who died in Birmingham on the evening of Monday, August 11. He was born in London in 1801, and would have completed his ninetieth year on the 21st of next February. His preparatory education was received at Dr. Nicholas' school at Ealing. From this he went directly to Trinity college, Oxford, where he took his degree in his nineteenth year. A fellowship, a curacy, and the duties of a tutor occupied him till 1831. Then he received the incumbency of St. Mary's church with the outlying chaplaincy of Littlemore, in which position he remained until 1843. During these latter years his views underwent that change which resulted in his being received into the Roman Catholic church in 1845. After many years' service in that church in England and Ireland, and upon the representations of the leading English Catholic laity, effectively supported by Cardinal Manning, the present Pope, Leo XIII., raised Dr. Newman to the Sacred College. On May 12, 1879, the ceremony took place and three days after the Pope placed the red hat on the head of the new cardinal.

Cardinal Newman became celebrated as a preacher from the very beginning of his clerical career. His language was fervid with poetical feeling, yet the lucidity of his style was never impaired by a redundancy of words. He spoke rapidly and with the utmost fluency, showing at all times a wonderful mastery of the resources of the English tongue.

Probably the chiefest charm which endeared Cardinal Newman to all who knew him or of him was his charitable and forbearing spirit. A man himself whose life-long struggle had been a search for truth, and knowing all the difficulties which beset men in this quest, he had sympathies as broad as the universe. He was one of the most tolerant of men, and we are told even showed respect and sympathy for thorough-going unbelief. His conversion to the Church of Rome made him for twenty years the victim of the cruel aspersions and the insults of a public who could not understand him. Not until the publication of his *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* in 1864 was his case set in the right light for the world to see. The imputations of treachery and all the effects of this misconception he not only bore with patience, but even found excuses for his detractors. Such was the spirit which makes thousands of every creed feel that in Cardinal Newman's death a true Christian, a great and a good man has passed away.

Not a Kicker.

"Beastly weather, isn't it?" observed a man who was hanging to a strap in a crowded North Side car the other day.

"Weather suits me well enough," replied the man spoken to, who was clinging to another strap.

"You're not particular about your weather, I suppose," rejoined the other, slightly nettled.

"Not at all. One kind is as good as another to me."

"Easily suited generally. Just as lief stand up in a car as to sit down, I reckon."

"Yes. Just as lief."

"Ain't particular about getting your full share of everything that's going, perhaps, if you have to kick to get it?"

"I'm not a kicker."

"Don't worry over things when they don't happen to come your way, I calculate?"

"Ain't worrying about anything."

"Haven't made any fuss about the census in your town, either, of course?"

"Nary fuss."

"And don't intend to, hey?"

"That's correct. Don't intend to. Don't care a darn about the census."

"Just so—just so," mused the discontented passenger. "Many other men in your town like you?"

"Hundreds of 'em."

"Do you mind telling me where you live?"

"Just as soon tell you. I'm from Hannibal, Mo."

"Are there any other men from Hannibal aboard this car?"

"Don't see any."

"Thank heaven."

And the man who sometimes kicked at things crowded to the other end of the car and put his head out to get some fresh air.—*Chicago Tribune.*

In the Quiet Country.

I had been staying at a farmhouse all night, and next morning the farmer said he would give me a lift into town. When he was ready to go he called to his oldest boy:

"Bill, is that shotgun loaded with salt for tramps?"

"Yes."

"Got the gates shut so that no mad dogs kin git in?"

"Yes."

"Well, keep a lookout for windmill, lightning rod, organ, and sewing machine men. Don't have any truck with the peddlers or poultry buyers. Don't let in any patent gate or wire fence men. Keep clear o' patent hay-forks, and don't waste no time on churns, force pumps, ice-cream freezers, bag holders, patent barrels, fruit trees, wagon jacks, nor owl traps."

"No."

"And say, Bill!" called the old man after we had driven forty or fifty rods, "don't buy no cure for the heaves, no fireproof paint, no patent gate hinges, pitchforks, nor encyclopedias."

"No."

We had driven about three miles when he suddenly pulled up with an exclamation of disgust.

"What is it?"

"Hang my hide if I didn't clean forget to warn Bill agin Bohemian oats, New Zealand clover, and them peaty insurance agents! Well, it's too late now, but I guess I kin git back home afore the mob overpowers him.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Stanley's Method.

Someone asked a companion of the famous explorer how the latter had acquired such remarkable control over the Zanzibarites that formed his suite.

"It is very simple," was the reply. "Whenever he asks them to do anything he looks at them as if he wanted to eat them, and then they have obeyed, he looks at them as if he had eaten them, and as though he thanked them for the good meal they had furnished."

Not to be Reduced.

Physician (with ear to patient's chest)—There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once.

Patient (anxiously)—That swelling is my pocket-book, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much.

Why She Mourned.

"Why is Miss B—— wearing black?"
"She is in mourning for her husband."
"Why, she never had a husband!"
"No, that is why she mourns."

The Angle of Incidence.

Examiner (in Physics)—What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of 45 degrees?

Pupil—It goes out!

Truthful History.

Tourist (out West)—I presume this neighborhood is full of exciting history.

Guide—You bet. D'ye see that point o' rocks? When the sheriff's posse got after Buffalo Jim, they chased him to the top of that there peak, three hundred feet high, and the only way he could escape them was by jumping.

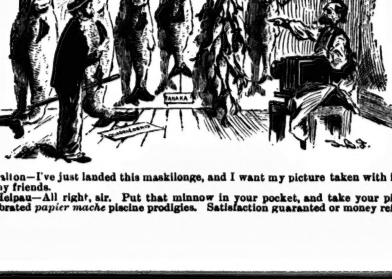
Tourist—Goodness me! The fall killed him of course!

Guide—No. He didn't jump."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

No Profit in Ignorance.

Burglar (thrashing his son)—And yer won't go to school, won't yer? How are you going to know when the cops are after yer if yer can't read yer paper? How are yer going to know how to disguise yerself if yer don't read the descriptions on the walls? Wot's the good of all yer training if yer's goin' to retire in early life at the expense of the government? Not go to school, won't yer? We shall see.—*New York Mercury.*

At the Thousand Islands.



Mr. Walton—I've just landed this maskilonge, and I want my picture taken with it to send round to my friends.

Prof. Heipau—All right, sir. Put that minnow in your pocket, and take your pick of my justly celebrated *papier mache* piscine prodigies. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.—*Puck.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE.

It was on the 14th of May, nearly a year and a half previous to the sudden downfall and disappearance of Wilbur Cocks and his wife, that a curious incident occurred which has an important bearing upon our story.

At the foot of one of the mountains which skirt the Gulf of Genoa, just a few miles east of the line which separates France and Italy, there stood at that time the dwelling of a well-to-do Italian peasant.

That the man was above the majority of his class, his neat homestead, his thrifty fields and vineyards, and the general air of comfort which pervaded his dwelling plainly betokened.

But he was a stern, harsh man, bestowing little affection upon his family, yet exacting unquestioning obedience and diligent toil from every member, to help him maintain the thrift for which he was noted and to fill his pockets with money.

On a dark and starless night, long after Tasso Simone and most of his family were wrapped in slumber, the door of his dwelling was softly opened, whereupon a slight, girlish figure stole forth and sped noiselessly away across the vineyard of olive trees, toward the highway which skirted the gulf.

Upon reaching the road the flying fugitive moderated her pace, but walked on with a firm, elastic step toward Mentone, which was the nearest town over the French line.

For an hour she walked steadily on appearing to be perfectly familiar with the way, even in that intense darkness, until finally she paused before a low, rude building, or shed, which had been constructed out of rough boards to protect fishermen from the hot rays of the sun, while cleaning their fish for market.

She sat down to rest just outside upon a rude bench, which she seemed to know was there, and opening a parcel which she carried in her hands, she began to eat of its contents.

Suddenly she paused and listened, for a slight movement behind her, within the shed, had attracted her attention.

A sigh that was almost a moan had greeted her ears.

She did not move for several moments, but waited for the sound to be repeated.

Soon she heard it again; a long drawn, sobbing sigh, like some one deeply grieved or in distress.

The girl arose, and, without a trace of fear in her manner, made her way within the shed, showing by her quick, decisive movements that she was as familiar with the ground as with her own home.

Here she struck a match and lighted a piece of candle, which she took from her pocket, when she saw, with evident amazement, a beautiful girl lying asleep upon a shawl which had been spread over a pile of sea-weed in one corner of the place.

The light also revealed the fugitive, whom we have followed thus far to be of a slight, graceful form, straight as an arrow, and having a wiry energy and sensation in her every movement which betrayed unusual self-reliance in one so young.

She was very light in complexion, having yellow hair, black eyes, and bright rosy cheeks, a somewhat unusual combination in one who was a native of that Southern clime.

She was dressed in the costume of the country, and with a neatness and trimness that made her seem almost dainty in the homely dress; while on her head she wore a large, coarse straw hat, over which a bright hand-kerchief had been thrown, and was tied under her pretty rounded chin.

She softly approached and leaned over the sleeper, astonishment depicted upon every feature of her young face; and well she might looked surprised, for the sleeper was her jay upon that wretched bed of sea-weed was richly and tastefully clad, and bespoke the child of luxury and fortune.

She knelt beside her, and laying her hand lightly upon her shoulder, said, in low, musical Italian:

"Wake, signorina."

The touch aroused the fair sleeper, and she started up affrighted; but, upon seeing the kindly face of a young girl about her own age bending above her, her expression of terror changed to one equally surprised with that of her companion.

"Why is the signorina sleeping here in this miserable place?" the peasant girl asked.

But her companion could not understand or speak Italian, and shook her head, intimating that she did not know what she had said.

To her surprise the girl then addressed her in broken French, repeating the question, and then the fair stranger, appearing to think it best to confide in her, answered, though with some embarrassment:

"I am in great trouble, and I am running away from it. I have walked a long distance, but became so weak and faint I could go no farther, and stumbled in here to rest, and must have fallen asleep from weariness."

A look of pity and sympathy swept over the peasant girl's face.

"Mademoiselle is hungry, perhaps?" she remarked.

"Yes; I had no supper. I could not eat and am faint. I have been ill and am far from strong."

The girl stuck her candle upon a rock and then, going outside the shed, brought in her own lunch which she had left lying upon the bench. It consisted of some coarse bread and cheese, some cakes fried in olive oil with a few dry figs, and all wrapped in a clean linen cloth.

"Eat, mademoiselle," she said, as she placed it upon her companion's lap.

The beautiful stranger seized a fig and quickly disposed of it with evident relish; then she suddenly paused and asked:

"But do you not need this yourself? I must not rob you."

The girl shrugged her shoulders, and shook her head.

"Eat, signorina, eat," she said, mixing her French and Italian; and the other, without waiting to be urged further, and apparently ravenously hungry, quickly disposed of everything save the cheese.

"You are very good," she said, gratefully, when the last fig was eaten, I think you very much." Then with sudden curiosity she inquired, "But how do you also happen to be abroad alone at this hour of the night?"

Again the peasant girl shrugged her shoulders and a dark look of passion swept over her face.

"I, too, am running away," she said. "I do not like my home; I have a step-father; he is cruel, harsh, and wants to marry me to a man I do not love."

"How strange," murmured her companion, a look of wonder coming into her beautiful eyes, "he an expression of sympathy crept over her lovely face.

"My father owes him for a fine pair of mules, just bought," the girl resumed, a look of scorn gleaming in her eyes, "Beppo will call the debt square if I marry him. I will not be exchanged for brutes—I will not be sold like a slave and to one I hate and loathe, and I fly from him," she concluded, indignantly, the rich blood mounting to her forehead.

"Where are you going?" questioned the other, eagerly.

"To Monaco, to find service in some family, as maid or nurse, until I can earn money to go to some school to learn to study," was the earnest reply.

"You are not an Italian?" the fair stranger said, inquiringly.

The girl shook her head, a sneer curling her red lips.

Evidently to be an Italian was not very desirable in her estimation.

"Another in Swiss, my own father was French," she briefly answered.

"Ah! that is how you happen to be so light and to speak the French language. Will you tell me your name?"

"You will not betray me? You will not set them on my track, if I tell you?" said the peasant girl, apparently longing to confide in the beautiful maiden, but secretly questioning the wisdom of so doing.

"Surely not. Am I not flying from trouble also? Besides, I am going to another country," was the reassuring reply.

"I am Lisette Vermilet," the girl then said. "I am eighteen years old. I have worked from sunrise till sunset every day for seven long years, in the field, in the vineyard, or the dairy, ever since my poor, foolish mother married her tyrant husband. I do it no more. I take care of myself and be no man's slave, and I marry whom I will, when the right one and the right time comes. But first," she continued, eagerly, her face lighting with intense longing, "I study; I learn about the world and other things, like some lovely French girls I saw at Mentone last year, who told me all about the flowers, the birds, the earth, and the sea. Oh! I weep when I think of how much there is to know, and I have lost it all—all!" and her voice grew tremulous with repressed feeling as she concluded.

"Poor child! you surely ought to have an education if you want it so much," said her sympathetic listener, in a kindly tone, while she regarded the girl's eager face almost affectionately. "But are you not afraid that your cruel step-father will go after you and bring you back?"

"Tasso Simone would beat me black and blue if he should catch me," she said, with a shiver, as if she recalled some experience of the kind. "Ah! if I had but a disguise he would not know me—I get away better."

A bright idea seemed suddenly to strike her companion, for she spoke quickly and eagerly.

"Let us exchange clothing," she exclaimed, "then no one will recognize either of us."

"Ah! but the signorina has such beautiful clothes, while mine are so poor," sighed Lisette, in a deprecatory tone, but with a wistful glance over the daintily made travelling suit, at the tasteful hat, and expensive boots which her companion wore.

"Never mind; yours are neat and whole, and no one would think of looking for me in them, while you will be much more likely to succeed in eluding your cruel father in mine," the young stranger persisted.

"The signorina is very kind," Lisette said, gratefully, as, with an impulsive movement, she bent forward and kissed the fair white hand that lay within her reach, while it seemed to her simple heart that she should feel like a princess in that lovely dark-gray cloth dress, with its daintily stitched linen and pearl silks.

Alas! she did not dream that it was to become her shroud.

Yes, as has doubtless been surmised, it was Violet whom Lisette Vermilet had found lying asleep up on the pile of sea-weed in the fisherman's shed.

After refusing to admit her sister to her room on the night previous to the day appointed for her wedding, she had continued in consumption of weeping for some time. When she was through she read over what she had written, and then deliberately tore it into atoms.

"No, I will not tell them anything," she muttered, with a frown; "I will just go and leave no trace behind me. It may seem unkind to Lord Cameron, but some time I will explain it all."

She then arose and dressed herself in her traveling suit, tied a dark blue veil about her face, and brought a thick shawl from her closet. She then began to lay out a change of clothing and her toilet articles, but suddenly stopped in the midst of her work.

"No, I will not burden myself with anything," she murmured, thoughtfully. "I am not strong, and I need all the strength I have to get myself away; besides, I can easily buy what I need in any town."

She hastily drew on her gloves, without observing that the rings, which she usually wore and which she prized very highly, were still lying upon her cushion where she had left them before taking her bath. She did not even think to take her watch, which she sadly missed and regretted afterward; her only thought was to get away as quickly as possible from the doom awaiting her on the morrow—to flee from all danger of violating her conscience and of wronging a noble and generous man.

She then put out her light and sat alone in the darkness, waiting for the house to become quiet so that she could steal forth unobserved.

Two hours passed, all in the house seemed to be at rest, and she noiselessly crept out of a window upon the piazza, made her way swiftly around the house to where a flight of stairs led to the ground and then was lost in the darkness, with no definite idea whither she was going.

She took the highway leading away from Mentone, because she dreaded lest some one should meet and accost her in the town. She had a dim idea that if she could get to San Remo, which was about twelve miles east of Mentone, she could take a train going north without being discovered, and accordingly she bent her steps in this direction.

Her way led along the cliffs overhanging the sea, before mentioned, and how she, to whom the way was entirely strange, should have escaped the fate which every one afterwards supposed to have been hers was wonderful. But escape it she did, and after safely passing this perilous point she descended the hill, and then the road closely followed the beach for some distance.

Here she came upon the rude hut, or shelter, which has been described, and being foot-sore and weary with her long walk, she spread her shawl upon a mass of sea-weed which she found in one corner, and throwing herself upon it, soon fell into a profound slumber, from which she was awakened by the light touch of Lisette Vermilet.

With this brief explanation of Violet's flight, we will return to the two girls who were discussing a change of apparel.

Violet was much strengthened by the food which she had eaten and greatly refreshed by her nap, while she was encouraged by the presence of the young girl, who was, she, strangely enough, flying from a fate similar to her own.

She overcame the scruples of Lisette, and insisting upon the plan she had proposed, the two girls, under cover of that rude shed, made the exchange. Violet carefully destroying every article be transferred in order to make the disguise more complete. She only reserved her shawl, as, in traveling, she knew she would need it.

"Now," she said, when their task was completed, "can you tell me the best way to get north? I am going to England, and from there to America, and I want to get away from this region as soon as possible."

"Mademoiselle would do well to come with me to Mentone and take a train from there," Lisette replied.

"Oh, I could not do that," Violet cried. "I have just come from Mentone, and would not go back there for anything."

It will be observed that she had refrained from saying much about herself thus far, for she did not wish even this simple girl to know the circumstances which had caused her flight.

Lisette thought a minute, then she told her to go on to a village about a mile distant, where, in a couple of hours, a train would make a brief stop at a crossing.

This, she said, would bear her back in the same direction she had come, but she could go on to Nice, where she could take an express direct for Paris.

Violet, much as she dreaded passing through Mentone again, saw that this would be the wisest course to pursue, and decided that she would follow the girl's advice.

"You will not betray that you have met me, if any one questions you, and you will keep out of sight of people in Mentone as much as possible," Violet pleaded.

"Surely I will not betray you, signorina, and I will not show myself by daylight in Mentone," Lisette said, earnestly, "and you will get away without any trouble, for a peasant girl can go about alone in this country where an English lady could not. Take courage, signorina; nothing will harm you, and may the Holy Virgin go with you."

"I feel anxious about your passing through Mentone," Violet said. "If you should be seen there to-morrow you would surely be stopped, for my clothing would instantly be recognized by those who will search for me; they would compel you to tell where and how you met me, and then they would telegraph ahead and have me stopped."

"Do not fear, signorina," Lisette responded. "I shall pass through Mentone before light, for I am a rapid walker. I go straight up the naco, and seek service in some French family going to Paris."

Violet looked relieved at this.

"Have you money?" she asked.

"I have forty francs, signorina. I have saved for eighteen months every sou I could get."

Eighteen months saving eight dollars!"

Violet regarded the girl with sorrowful astonishment.

"That is very little; let me give you some more," she cried, and eagerly opening her well-filled purse, counted out some gold pieces amounting to fifty francs more.

"No, signorina, not a sou," Lisette returned, firmly, as she waved back Violet's extended hand. "My heart is heavy now with all you have done for me—giving me these beautiful clothes in exchange for a poor peasant's dress. I cannot take your money."

"Please," persisted Violet. "I have plenty, and can easily spare you this."

But the girl made a proud gesture of dissent.

"The signorina must go; and I must get on also," she said, gravely. "Keep to the straight road until you come to the track in the village. You can get no ticket, but the guard will charge you a couple of francs for your fare. Adieu, signorina."

She was about turning away, when Violet stopped her.

"Lisette," she said, holding out her hand, "good-by. You have been very kind to me, and I shall always remember you kindly. I hope we shall meet again some time."

Tears were in Lisette's eyes, as she responded in a similar strain, and then led Violet from the shed.

"That way, go; adieu!" she said pointing eastward; then raising the hand she held, she pressed her lips impulsively to it and dropped it.

With a softly breathed farewell in response, Violet turned and walked quickly away, while Lisette went back into the shed, put out her candle and threw the end away, after which she turned in the opposite direction and began to climb the steep hill, or cliffs, along which the highway led toward Mentone.

Violet went on her way in the darkness, her heart beating rapidly with fear lest she should encounter some rude fisherman or peasant who would stop and question her.

She was foot-sore and weary long before she came in sight of the village, for a mile was a long distance to her unaccustomed muscles, while Lisette's heavy shoes hurt her tender feet sorely.

But, guided by the lights along the railroad track, she found her way to the crossing the girl had told her about, and, sinking down upon a pile of sleepers by the side of the road, she uttered a sigh of relief that she had reached the end of her long walk.

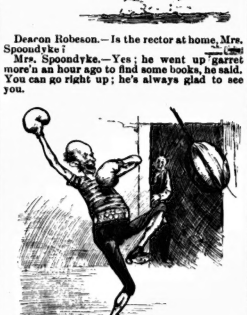
She did not have a great while to wait, for presently the cars came thundering along, and soon she was on the train for Nice, whence she took an express for Paris. She felt safe from pursuit, as she was being whirled northward at the rate of forty miles an hour.

(To be continued.)

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p.m.

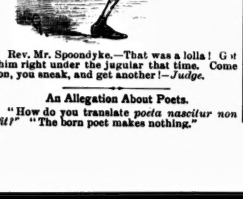
Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3 40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

Caught Irrevocably.



Deacon Robeson.—Is the rector at home, Mrs. Spoondyke?

Mrs. Spoondyke.—Yes; he went up there more'n an hour ago to find some books, he said. You can go right up; he's always glad to see you.



Rev. Mr. Spoondyke.—That was a lolla! Get him right under the jugular that time. Come on, you sneak, and get another!—*Judge.*

An Allegation About Poets.

"How do you translate *poeta nascitur non fit?*" "The born poet makes nothing."

Why They Drink It.

A doctor writes to this paper to warn persons against drinking whisky in this hot weather, as it only makes them warmer. This recalls the answer of a drinker to that same advice. "When I get full of liquor," he said, "I don't care a continental how hot I am.'—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Little A—e R—y.

She's a chestnut, so is Joe;
How you stand it, I don't know.
I wish they were married,
How happy I would be
If they were with M. Ginty
At the bottom of the sea.

Atlanta Constitution.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

DOT AND EUREKA.—See Topsy.

BEATRICE.—Address Belleville.—See Mabel Monk.

JACKIE, Cornwall.—Energy, frankness, generosity and decision.

GRETCHEN, Canfield.—Impulsive, a little petulant, tender and careless.

TOPSY, Omemee.—Indecisive, self-esteeming, vivacious and cheerful.

TED.—Ambition, suspicion, some selfishness, good judgment and self-esteem.

LUCY SNOWE.—Writing shows energy, sincerity, justice, good executive ability, geniality and pride.

ROSE.—If you meet her in a friend's house, you should be courteous. Writing delineation corresponds with that of Peach.

JOHNNIE, Cayuga.—Your writing indicates a decisive temperament with good executive ability, a practical nature, and some self-esteem.

BERTIL.—1. Certainly not. 2. Don't try. 3. Send me a fuller description of the ailment. 4. Reserve, jealousy, tenderness and caution.

BESS.—The writing shows determination, strict sense of justice, candor and caution. No, I would not think you were flippant—quite the reverse.

PANSY F.—Your letter is answered in turn. Yours could not have reached me. Write again, asking the questions, and I will reply as quickly as it is possible.

TRICKSY, Stratford.—Try the samples once again. It is best if your skin is not dry. Writing shows impulse, erratic disposition, energy, carelessness, mirth and refinement.

ICE WATER, Presscott.—"Love in cold numbers," seems to meet your case sphendidly, does it not? Your writing shows ambition, justice, self-reliance, candor, and generosity.

PHARRIS IRISH.—1. Self-will, candor, vanity, mirth and tenderness. 2. Wilful, sincere, cheerful, affectionate and self-esteeming. 3. Careless, fun loving, impulsive and witty.

MABEL MONK, Belleville.—The letter, if answered, has been destroyed, as I do not keep incoherent and other rubbish. If you will write again explaining it I shall be glad to answer.

ERNA M. HEBD, Oakville.—You are probably energetic, self-reliant, of rather jealous temperament, inclined to be moody rather than cheerful, a little petulant and not persevering.

PEACH.—Practice is much more reliable than precept; so if I were you, I should be indifferent to the rebellious assertion. Carelessness, loquacity, self-will and mirth are shown by your writing.

BLUE EYES, No. 5.—If you write again please use another name, I have one Blind Fate on my correspondence list. I think not. Writing shows an ingenuous and affectionate temperament, firmness and confidence.

NAWADAWA.—Your writing in every important detail is similar to that of Thyri. It indicates recklessness, impatience, self-esteem, willfulness and justice. 2. The veils you mention are no longer new and not now fashionable.

BOB WHITE.—An old-fashioned remedy is a decoction of cider bark. The bark of tender shoots is peeled off and steeped for about four hours. A cupful two or three times a day will speedily cure the eruption, and even allays the inflammation of the pimples and boils.

JUNE ATHENA, Danville, Ill.—You will, I think be quite safe in taking things as they come at present. I am of the opinion that marriage is much more likely to come because dearer than the very reality could have been. You are wise to consider the matter well but do not let your wits go woolgathering and choose a crooked stick at the edge of the forest.

MARCEL.—For the warts paint the rough surface with carbolic acid, touching them twice a week. Let the freckles severely alone. It is not good policy to give such a rapt advice, but it is the best in the market. 2. It is better to be accompanied as you say. 3. The Duchess' novels are amusing, but when you have read one, you know most of the rest. By all means read Dickens.

TOOTS.—Study French by all means, for however bad your pronunciation may be, it is a ability to translate is of great benefit. 2. The public school by all means. 3. Your writing indicates a kindly and generous nature, rather too much indecision, carelessness and a somewhat peppery temper and quick pride. Try powdering your hair with corn starch before you curl it with the tongs, and dust a little through it after curling.

BRETTA.—Do not rub your irritated nose fair and hands, why use it? Borax softens the water, and a little almond meal rubbed lightly on in place of soap will be very beneficial, adding in addition to softening and whitening the skin and producing an agreeable sensation of coolness and freshness The quotation you ask for is from Byron's Battle of Waterloo. I think I have seen the engraving you refer to. It is called The Knightly Mirror.

TRAMP.—If I recollect rightly you did not ask for character delineation in your last letter but only inquired as to the probable results of being "square." The writing shows good judgment, self-reliance, cheerfulness, energy and self-esteem. Perseverance is strongly marked. Shall be glad to know if it is correct in your estimation. 2. Regarding your very generous and kindly suggestion—thank you, no. Your heart-felt words regarding flies awakened a ready sympathy, I do assure you.

HARRY FARQUHER.—You seem determined to succeed in your chosen profession. It is well to aim high. Some wise man said that it is better to aim for the sun, for even if we miss it by considerable, the arrow goes higher than if we look aim at a bush. Read the sentiment, for you require a familiarity with them, and too frequently nowadays the pulpit is belittled by the ignorance of those who pretend to teach from it, and the narrowness and uncharitableness of doctrine which is taught.

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS, Montreal.—Your writing shows sincerity, animation, cheerfulness and self-reliance. 2. I have found a syrup of granulated sugar an excellent thing for inflammation of the eyes. For the eyelashes use an ointment made of vaseline and red oxide of mercury, in the proportion of 1 oz of vaseline to 1 grain of oxide. Your withdrawal of "next issue" produced a very soothing effect on my bristling nerves. Write again whenever you think I can give you any assistance.

NORAH, Kingston.—Your suggestions for an outfit are good, but you will require a dress for church. I remember going down and, twelve years back, thinking that the summer residents did not indulge in Sunday costume on the seventh day, I took a suitable dress by the merest chance, for whi h I was very thankful. You will need very warm clothing, for the evenings are chilly. You will not find use for your ta gown, I think, as long walks and rowing will be oftener indulged in than the lolling existence of home-life in hot weather.

WILD ROSE.—In Robert Elsmere I remember a question which was put with an affirmative inflection: "Can a man and a woman never be simply friends?" I think a girl makes a grave mistake when she allows her friends as admirers. Women would be very lonely if they had not true-true friends among those of the opposite sex. Friendship is so dear a relation that it should be prized far above the nonsensical and evanescent flirtation, in which much is said and nothing meant. You ere if you think that a woman's worth is measured by her ability to form quickly-broken so-called friendships.

TRYSTY.—Your letter you should have told me more about your hair. If it is oily, wash it once a month with borax in the water. If not oily, brush it well every day and keep the uneven and split ends well trimmed. In either case rub in the following solution every day with a sponge:

Spirits of rosemary	1 oz.
Borax	2 drachms.
Water	1 oz.
Olive oil	1 oz.
Rose water	8 ozs.

The use of hot irons for curling does injure the hair, making it lighter, but the evil effects are not so pronounced that I would advise a discontinuance of the ir use. See Nawadaba

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HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
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Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

DOROTHY SPEAKS.

Dorothy's faintness soon passed away, an open window and nurse's steady gentle fanning brought her to herself.

"I wish to heaven you had not said anything about our going to Fordsea, I did not mean to tell her, she cannot stand any allusion to the dreadful shock she sustained there! Who told you we had gone!" said Standish impatiently aside to Miss Oakeley.

"Collins did, he heard it from Mr. Egerton's man. Why! Do you think it was that made her faint! I believe it was over-fatigue."

"Hush!" said Mrs. M'Hugh. The next moment Dorothy opened her eyes and asked feebly:

"What is the matter! Oh, nurse!"—she stopped, puzzled to find her there.

"You have given us such a fright, Dorothy," exclaimed Miss Oakeley. "Mr. Standish was just telling us everything and you—"

A ferocious shake of the head from Mrs. M'Hugh arrested her words.

"Oh, yes, I remember it all now," said Dorothy, a look of fear and pain mixed passing over her face. "I am weak and foolish, I am very sorry to give all this trouble,"—she sighed, and passing her hand over her brow, made a feeble attempt to put back her long thick wavy hair, which had got into some disorder.

"Never mind it now, Miss Dorothy, my dear! I'll put it right, you come away to your bed—that will be best for you—I'll sit by you till Miss Oakeley comes up. A good sleep will make you all right."

"You can't walk upstairs, Dorothy. Let me carry you," said Standish. "You know I have carried you many a time."

"Long ago, Paul!" she returned, a color coming into her cheek. "I can walk quite well, and nurse will be with me," rising and steadying herself with one hand on the end of the sofa.

"I will try and come up to-morrow afternoon. Good-night, dear, good-night," Dorothy half turned to him, but seemed so unsteady on her feet that Standish, without more words, put his arm round her and supported her up-stairs—followed by Mrs. M'Hugh. "Send me word how she is to-morrow, nurse," he said, kindly. "I shall be very anxious until I have your report."

"Never fear, sir," said nurse. Then as he went down the stairs again, she looked after him and added, as if to herself: "Ah! then, if there were more like you in it, this world would be a different place. Come now, get to your bed as quick as you can, Miss Dorothy."

Henrietta was closing the piano when Standish returned to the room.

"I really don't know what we should do without nurse," she began immediately she had a listener. "She is a tower of refuge in every emergency, but she is a bit of a tyrant into the bargain.

"These attacks are very alarming," said Standish, who had taken his position on the hearth, and did not even seem to see the lady of the house.

"Attacks!" she never fainted before except indeed the morning she found herself face to face with her poor dead sister, and that would have made even me faint," cried Henrietta.

"Still, allowing for the terrible shock, there is something not quite natural in her grief, considering her age! She always seems oppressed with some dread, some fear of what is coming."

And Standish tried to calm the perturbation of his spirit by walking to and fro.

"Not more than you might expect after all she has gone through! I think she has been terribly anxious too about Herbert. When he returns she will probably be more at rest. Poor Herbert! I am sure we are both ready to devote ourselves to him; but no doubt we shall find him greatly recovered and in due time he will look out for some fair wife. Men have so little constancy—Heigho!"

"She was always a fanciful, imaginative creature," resumed Standish, continuing his walk. "As a child, she was much more distressed about visionary wrongs than her sister, though she—"

"Dear me, Mr. Standish, I wish you would sit down. It worries me to see anyone walking the quarter deck' in the room."

"I beg your pardon," he returned, smiling and sitting down on the sofa beside her.

"I protest you are as anxious and watchful of Dorothy as if she were the sole daughter of your house and heart," continued Miss Oakeley, with just a touch of peevishness in her tone.

Standish turned to her with something of surprise in his look.

"Do I seem such an old fogey to you, Miss Oakeley?" he asked. "It is a just rebuff to my conceit! I flattered myself that I was not quite obsolete in your estimation."

"Oh, I am not going to reveal what my opinion of you is," she replied, holding up her fan and peeping over the top of it, Henrietta was ready for flirtation on the shortest notice and under the greatest difficulties.

"Then I shall continue to flatter myself that I stand on the highest pinnacle of your favor, and trouble you with even more numerous visits than I have yet inflicted on you, though I am now reluctantly obliged to say good-night. I am sure Dorothy will be looking for you. I can never forget all you have been to my poor little ward."

"I am sure I am as fond of her as possible, she is a dear thing. Must you go, Mr. Standish? Will you come to dinner to-morrow? and oh, here here is Herbert's letter, I know Dorothy intended to give it to you. Good-night.

"Till to-morrow, good-bye," said Standish.

"Really," mused Miss Oakeley, as the door closed upon him, "I think Mr. Standish is developing quite a fancy for me. I am sure I have no objection, there is something very attractive about him, he is so self-possessed and decided."

Dorothy shook off her indisposition completely, indeed she seemed to enjoy a walk with her guardian on the two days succeeding her attack of faintness. He had intended making an attempt to draw from her the secret reason, if any, of the kind of nervous dread from which she seemed to suffer, but she baffled him by speaking more cheerfully than usual on abstract subjects, the only personal matter on which she dwelt was Egerton's intention of going to Spain, which seemed to give her a certain satisfaction. On the third afternoon a few lines from Standish told her that his engagements would not allow of his seeing her till late the following day, so Dorothy went for a brisk walk with the children in Kensington Gardens.

On her return, Collins told her that Miss Oakeley was not at home, so Dorothy went to take off her outdoor garment before entering the drawing-room. On her way she met Miss Oakeley's maid, who said her mistress had gone out again on foot to take some books to the Misses Blackburn's, some young ladies in the near neighborhood.

With a comfortable sense of fatigue Dorothy settled herself to read, but found her own thoughts more interesting than the pages before her.

Braced by the air and exercise she had enjoyed, she made a strong and wise effort to reason herself out of the cruel morbidness which had laid its chill grasp upon her.

Should she not be more faithful to her sister by striving to fulfil the duties from which she had been torn, than by letting herself brood over her sickening sense of Egerton's treachery and murderous revenge, the maddening desire to punish him, abortive as it was to dream of so doing, save at the price of her beloved sister's reputation! Then when the bereaved husband returned, should she not have a fresh and absorbing object in trying to comfort him and make his life endurable—and those poor, dear children! They needed all the care a sound, healthy mind could bestow, and how was hers to remain either sound or healthy if it were to be always haunted by the thought that she herself was compromised by her silence regarding her conviction as to the murderer. "Vengeance is mine! I will repay!" Yes! in the hands of the All Wise she would leave the matter; it was not for her to interfere, nor to permit herself to dwindle into a useless, hysterical mourner, refusing to be comforted.

Then she thought of the dear children. How thankful she was that the boy had rallied and was rapidly recovering his healthy look again. Once Herbert was among them he would surely be drawn back to life by the faces, the loving ways of his children. "He will lose that awful look of hopeless indifference that used to chill my heart. It is nearly four months since I saw him. How has he lived through the terrible desolation of those months! He would have been better with us. I wonder if Dolly's strong likeness to her mother will pleasure or shock him! Oh! I hope he will leave Dolly with me always, she is such a darling!"

Then she thought of Callander's curious aversion to Standish. He had never mentioned his name in any of the few letters he had addressed to her or to Henrietta, not even in the last, which was the fullest, the most hopeful of any.

It would be too dreadful if he took some unreasonable dislike to Standish and forbade him the house. Then it came to her, like a swift, piercing, painful ray of light, how miserable the days would be without Standish. She used to think of him formerly a good deal, but quite differently, used to be impatient and offended if he neglected her, and fluttered if he showed a decided preference for her society, blushing and disturbed when he occasionally manœuvred to have her all to himself. Now all these fantasies were chased away by the dark solemn shadow that had fallen on them.

All the tremulous disturbance was stilled into utter unresisting dependence on him. His voice soothed her, his touch gave her strength. He was so patient, so considerate! She looked for his coming as the one bit of color in her existence. If she could only have him always beside her, no ill would be quite unendurable, but of course she could not expect that. So clever and experienced and infinitely well informed a man would require a far different companion from herself, so one day he would no doubt marry a very superior woman.

"A superior woman! How awful it sounded! It made Dorothy quite long to be twenty-one, though it seemed very old, rather than be under the wings of such a guardiness.

How long the afternoon would be; for Henrietta would be sure to stay to tea with the Miss Blackburns.

As she thought thus the door opened and she heard Collins say:

"If you'll sit down a moment, sir, I will tell Miss Oakeley."

Dorothy was lost to sight in the depths of a large arm-chair, and did not perceive who had come in; but, starting with her usual dread of meeting any stranger, she found herself face to face with Egerton.

Both stood quite still, their eyes fixed on each other—a determined, sullen look gradually hardening Egerton's face, while Dorothy's large, thoughtful eyes flamed out with such fire as none had ever seen in them before.

Egerton was the first to speak.

"Had I known you were here, Miss Wynn, I should not have intruded, as you seem to have some unaccountable reason, to dislike meeting me."

"No," said Dorothy, advancing very slowly a step or two nearer, all her resolutions of a moment before thrown to the winds, her whole soul burning with the fiercest hatred against the foe before her, her veins throbbing with a tempest of anger. "No, I am glad to meet you, glad to speak to you, so long as there is no one else to hear me." She spoke deliberately, her eyes holding his.

Egerton's countenance changed.

"I am most ready to listen."

"Yes," she returned, grasping the top of a high-backed chair near her as if to steady herself, "you must and shall listen. Do you remember," she continued "one day, not a week before she was—murdered, you were talking with Mabel in the veranda, when you urged her to leave her husband and swore you would rather crush out her life than see her live happily with him. I was near the open window and heard you."

She paused.

"Then," exclaimed Egerton, in a strange, stifled voice, "if you have a human heart you must have some pity for the most miserable of men. Nothing but the dread of the world's inferences, the world's talk, the reverence I have for her memory, has kept me from ending an existence that is a curse to me!"

"Better you did than pay the forfeit due to justice," returned Dorothy, with indescribable menace. "Knowing all I do, what has kept me from denouncing you, save my love for her—consideration for my darling's fame! Here, face to face, I accuse you of destroying her happiness for the gratification of the poisonous venom you called 'Love,' and her life, either by—"

"For God's sake be merciful! You do not know what tortures my own conscience inflicts. I know how guilty I am—I know how base; but, with a constancy and courage, you cannot dream what the madness of a love like mine was!" He began to pace the room in profound agitation. "If she would have listened to me, and left that miscreant for my sake, her husband, it would have been but a nine days' wonder, and think of the bliss that awaited us both! I could have made her life one long, bright dream of joy, a palace of enchantment."

"Founded on a brave, true man's broken heart and the contempt of his friends!" interrupted Dorothy. "How dare you speak such words to me! Has wickedness so darkened your understanding that you cannot see the baseness, the selfishness, the cowardice of such a scheme! Listen! She would never have gone from him for you! She did not love you—she feared you; you, who could, by her unmanly tricks, obtained a terrible mastery over her gentle, innocent heart. I have a letter from her, imploring you to set her free, to spare her to her true affection and duty—but I found no opportunity to give it to you."

"Give it to me now! It was written at your suggestion," cried Egerton, turning on her fiercely.

"Then, seeing she was about to escape from your toils," continued Dorothy, with deadly composure, "you carry out your threat and murder her—if not by your own hand, by——"

"Great God!" exclaimed Egerton, with a groan. "Do you believe this!"

He sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"I do, as firmly as if I saw the knife in your hands, or saw you put it into the hands of another."

"What do you mean? Not that I would touch a creature dearer to me than my own life a thousand times, to destroy her!"

He grew ghastly white as he spoke; his dark eyes, dilated with horror, were fixed upon the slight figure of his dauntless accuser.

"I mean," she said, with pitiless deliberation, "that, either by your own hand or that of another, you—murdered—her!"

There was silence for a moment.

"Do not fear," resumed Dorothy, with bitter contempt; "I shall not publish my conviction; the forfeit of your miserable life would but poorly pay for any discredit thrown upon the memory, the character, of the beloved dead."

"My God!" exclaimed Egerton. "Do you not see yourself the injustice of your accusation? Such an act is impossible to me! Don't let your indignation and hatred carry you to such insane lengths. Don't you see my hands are tied? I cannot take any steps to prove my innocence."

"That I quite believe, as I believe the search you have undertaken for the supposed murderer will not be successful."

"With so bitter a prejudice, so extraordinary an accusation it is impossible to deal," said Egerton, resuming his troubled walk. "I deserve almost all you say, but not this! You always hated me, and I confess you had reason. If you knew my life—of men's lives, you would not think me so unparelleled a ruffian! With this fixed idea you will never be able to keep silence. You will gradually let out your suspicions—"

"My conviction," interposed Dorothy.

"Your conviction, then, and I shall be blackened with the blight of indelible infamy!"

"My motives for keeping silence are too strong—" Dorothy was beginning, when Collins suddenly threw the door open, exclaiming joyously:

"Here's the colonel himself coming up with Miss Oakeley!"

"For Heaven's sake, be composed," whispered Dorothy in a quick, emphatic whisper. The next moment Henrietta, radiant, exultant, entered, followed by a gentleman, slightly bent, with gray hair and mustache and beard of a darker tinge, all wild and untrimmed, a pair of dark, dull eyes, very quiet and dreamy, his clothes worn and unbrushed, and a general air of negligence about his appearance. Could this be the well set up, carefully attired, soldierly Callander? Dorothy, early dazed by the fierce emotion of her scene with Egerton, felt dizzy and almost unable to speak. She was overwhelmed at the sight of such havoc as a few short months had wrought.

"There!" cried Miss Oakeley. "I was driving down Piccadilly when I saw Herbert turning out of Dover street, so I pounced upon him at once, and here he is! I think he needs a little home care. Hasn't he grown gray?"

This seemed, indeed, to Dorothy an exemplification of the sacred fools rush in where angels fear to tread. The tenderness, the awe, which filled her heart as she gazed at the wreck of what her brother in-law had been, were unfelt by Henrietta, her slighter and more surface nature just saw that her cousin Callander looked older and grayer, and thought a little petting and feeding up would remedy all that.

Dorothy, still quivering with the cruel shock which had shaken her nerves, flew to embrace Callander as she used to in her school days.

"Dorothy! How do you do, my dear!" said Callander kindly, but by no means moved. "It seems a long time since we met. Ah, Egerton, I did not know you were in town"—he held out his hand. How horrible it seemed to Dorothy that Callander should touch him.

"Sit down by me, Dorothy," he continued, "I am pleased to see you again, and Henrietta——"

"And we have longed for you to return," said Dorothy, bravely choking down her tears. "You will want to see the children, Herbert. They have looked for you; they are such dears!"

"Yes," he said, with a heavy sigh; "I must see them. My little Dolly, my poor boy—"

"I will bring them," cried Dorothy, hastening to the door, but passing Egerton, who looked stunned, as if, to herself, he had shrunk, she looked into his eyes—a look at once warning and defiant. She ran to her room and seized the moment to bathe her burning eyes, which were tearless, but felt like balls of fire. Then she summoned Mrs. M'Hugh to bring the boy, while she, herself, led Dolly. "I do hope they will not be frightened—that they will know him!" almost prayed Dorothy, while nurse kept up a running fire of "ifs." "If she had only known the poor dear master would ask for the children all of a sudden she would have put on their other frocks." "If that stupid fellow, Collins, had sent her word the wind of a word she might have curled Master Bertie's top-knot."

But the sense of her words did not reach Dorothy's understanding. She trembled for the effect of this meeting with his children, on Callander's nerves. She had hoped so much for his return, and to have the terrible presence of the man she loathed and dreaded to desecrate this sad, solemn reunion!

Trembling in every limb, she nerved herself to prepare the little girl.

"Dear father has come at last," she said, holding the child's tiny hand. "You will run and kiss him, and tell him you will be his good little girl."

"Yes, auntie. Will he carry me up to bed, as he used i?"

"He will, dear." They were at the door. Dorothy pushed it open. To her infinite relief Egerton was gone.

"Go, darling! run to father," she said, loosing the little hand. But Dolly hesitated. To her, the gray-haired gentleman was a total stranger. She looked at Callander, and Callander at her. Then he said, low and soft:

"Dolly; my little Dolly," and held out his hand.

The child went to him, but slowly, with an awestruck expression in her big, blue eyes.

Callander lifted her on his knee, then slowly, gently, pressed her head to his, one hand covering her soft cheek. while he bent down his own till his grizzled beard mingled with her golden locks. As he sat thus, the tears wept wide up from their dull apathy, and looked wildly away, as if at some distant, dreadful object, with a strained, agonized expression, infinitely distressing. Dorothy gazed at father and child with an aching heart, while Henrietta burst out crying, and the boy—too young to remember, to fear, to mourn—called out noisily, "Pa—pa, papa!"

Then Callander, roused from his vision, clasping his little girl tightly to his breast, kissed her passionately over and over again, till the child looked half-frightened to her aunt for protection. Then the boy, thinking his sister was having more than her share of notice, struggled from nurse to his father, who having his hand on the child's head, looked intently at him, and kissed his brow.

Then setting Dolly down, he stretched forth his hands, palms out, in token that he wished to be alone.

"It is altogether the most heartrending sight!" sobbed Henrietta, as they left the room. "How awfully aged he is!"

(To be Continued.)

A Pretty Paradox.

"I have lived forty years and I cannot make them out yet."

It was the editor of a well-known magazine talking on the subject of young girls.

"What am I to think of the one that bothered me for half an hour this morning?" he asked. "She is a bright writer and we use some of her work. I know her father. Nice man, wealthy, brings up his girls with great care. This is Helen, his youngest. She floated into the office this morning, looking astonishingly stylish and elaborate in a pure white dress, white gloves, white shoes, and big, black lace hat. I asked her about her father, and then she began to rattle on about the way she was passing the summer out on the Hudson.

"Paps has fitted up the cupola of the house for me," said she. "I had some fun painting the walls myself. There are rugs and a table, and some jolly easy chairs, and I can take my friends up there in the evening and we can make as much noise as we want without disturbing the family. It's real fun when there are any men about. A friend of mine came up the other day, and I want to tell you something, if you'll promise truly to keep it a secret. This friend is an awfully handsome fellow and I just know that Mignonne—that's my chum, you know—would try to get him away from me. Mignonne bet that if we took him up into the cupola after dinner he would try to kiss her before he tried to kiss me. That was equivalent to declaring herself more attractive than I, and it makes me mad, I tell you. But I took her bet and that night we all went to the cupola. Pretty soon it grew dark and no one said a word about lighting the gas. Well, I was tired. Jack tried to kiss me and never noticed Mignonne at all!"

I looked at the chatterer rather severely and asked if Jack succeeded in his effort to kiss her. Instantly her animated face grew haughty and angry in its expression.

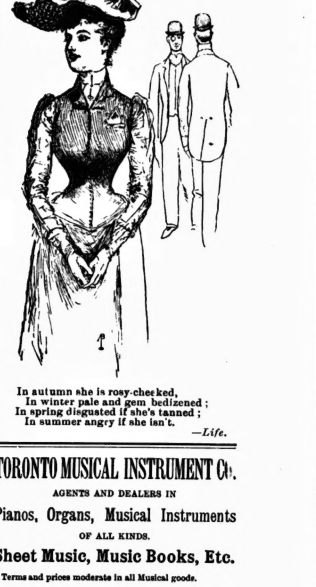
"I am not in the habit of permitting young men to kiss me," she said, in freezing tones.

"But," said I, "you let him try. In what manner did he try?"

"Why, he put his right arm around my waist, and we struggled about a good deal for a minute or so, and he pleaded with me to let him kiss me just once, if only behind the ear. It was fun, and then it was such a jolly good one on Mignonne. She had to mope all by herself."

"If you will find a more baffling paradox," continued the editor, "than the girl who considers it a joke to struggle with an amorous young man in a cupola, but grows rigid when he is presumed that she would consent to be kissed, I would like to examine it. I am free to confess that the young lady of these times and parts is beyond my understanding."—*New York Letter.*

The Society Girl.



In autumn she is rosy-cheeked,
In winter pale and gem bedizened;
In spring disgusted if she's tanned;
In summer angry if she isn't.

—*Life.*

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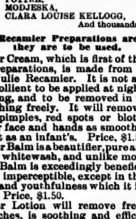

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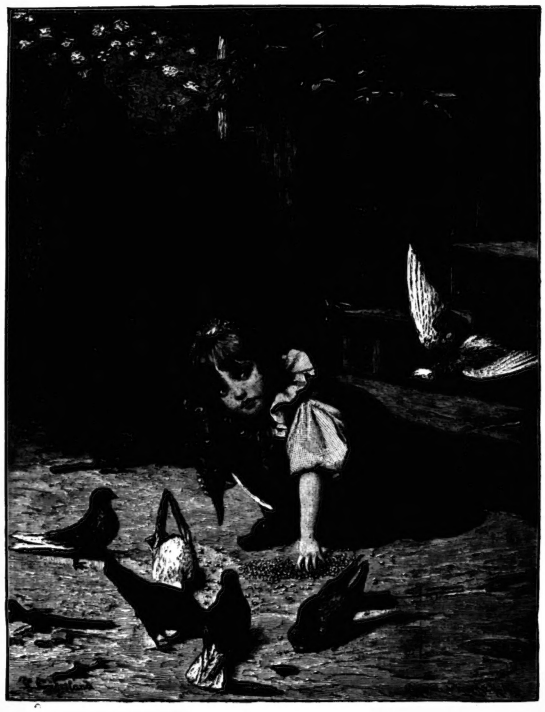

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Why They Crow in the Morning.

There is a well-known saying that every time a cock crows a lie is being told somewhere in the world.

"According to that," observed a well-known journalist the other evening, when the saying had been mentioned in conversation, "it would seem that the most mendacious period of the day is sunrise, for that is when the cock crows most."

"Precisely," said a gentleman of another calling, "for that is when they begin to publish the morning papers, don't you know."

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

ing the nature of the titles and decorations and the cost of obtaining them. By return mail came the following reply in French:

June 4, 1890.

MONSIEUR,—I have the honor of replying to your questions. Here are the conditions for titles of nobility:

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These are Spanish titles delivered by the queen.

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The Christ of Portugal, 5,000 francs (Chevalier); the ribbon is red; and Commander of the Christ, 8,000 francs.

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La Cruz Roja (red, black, and white rosette), decoration for men and women for aid to the wounded on land or sea, 1,500 francs.

Lusignan (white and blue rosette) Chevalier, 1,250 francs; Officer, 2,000 francs; Commander, 3,000 francs.

Brevets of purveyors to the Court of Spain, 3 000 francs.

About five or six months are necessary to obtain these distinctions, except as concerns the two last, La Cruz Roja and Lusignan, which I can get in one month. I must be given the full name and quality. As payment, it is necessary to send me half the amount on making application, and the other half when I deliver the title. For this last transaction, it is enough that you have a correspondent in Paris, but if you do not send me half the money it is useless for me to trouble myself, because I must send this sum first to Spain.

B. ROBERT.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Very large congregations gathered last Sunday morning and evening at St. Mark's Church to hear Rev. Professor Clark of Trinity College, Toronto, who preached at both services. Truly there are shining lights among the clergy of the Church of England in this part of Canada. Many there are who lovingly and willingly give the best years of their life to the often thankless task of saving men from themselves, who toil early and late, bearing heavily and uncomplainingly the privations and difficulties which overcrowd their path—men whose daily lives are examples to those among whom they toil of all that is noble and good and true, but few of them have been gifted with the eloquence and the easy, ready flow of language which Professor Clark has always at his command and which on Sunday riveted the attention of his hearers and banished from the frivolous minded all inclination to yield to the somnifcrous effects of the subdued lights and shadows of the old church, which combined with an occasional fleeting and forbidden remembrance of the dance which every week steps alarmingly near the borderland of Sunday, too frequently carries the wandering thoughts of some of the younger members away from the sound of the preacher's voice to the more worldly scene of the night before. Though the spirit is willing the flesh is weak, and in spite of diffid and frequent efforts, lids droop over bright eyes, and here and there a fair face sinks low in one of the high, square pews which give St. Mark's such a quaint, old-time appearance. Golden truths from the lips of good earnest men are thus often lost in the remembrance of music and laughter and meaningless speeches which, well enough suited to the ball-room, are anything but welcome when they persistently drift into the Sunday morning services and scatter the thoughts of those who might otherwise prove most attentive listeners and devout worshippers. St. Mark's is fortunate indeed above many a city church and many a larger parish, not only in the earnest, eloquent clergy attached, but in so often securing the services of some of the best preachers of the day. Prof. Clark, while in town, was the guest of Ven. Archdeacon McMurray.

Rev. Septimus Jones of the church of the Redeemer, Toronto, gave a most interesting lecture at the Chautauqua Amphitheater last Thursday evening on the life of the poet Cowper. Two or three hundred people were present and during the two hours which the lecture occupied the rev. speaker was listened to with unbroken silence, except when an amusing introduction or illustration elicited an appreciative burst of laughter. At the close of the evening the lecturer was tendered a very hearty vote of thanks.

With the exception of the Chautauqua and the Queen's, which fortunately for both visitors and residents continually offer some amusement, the spirit of quiet and unsociability undoubtedly broods over Niagara. Croquet and tennis courts seem rolled and kept in exquisite condition for the exclusive benefit of those who grace the houses attached. Spacious mansions, with wide, beautiful grounds suggest delightful lawn parties and At Homes and dances, which never materialize beyond a pleasant possibility. And yet the air is heavy with complaints and murmurings from the young people who, themselves in a house of glass, lean from the windows to fling a challenge at their unsociable neighbors.

The hop at the Queen's last Saturday was a very quiet one, and except that there were fewer present, it seemed almost a reflection of the one held the previous week. God Save the Queen, which as a rule narrowly escapes chiming in with the first stroke of twelve, announced the programme over at a little after half-past eleven, but as there were only ten or twelve couples left to take part in the last two or three dances there were necessarily few to regret the lost half hour.

Miss Cameron of Toronto is in town, the guest of Mrs. Strathy.

Mr. D. Palmer of Niagara Falls was registered at the Queen's last Sunday.

Mr. Mossum Boyd and Mr. H. Hunter also spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in town.

Rev. Mr. Middleton of Toronto spent a few days last week with Rev. the Canon Arnold. He returned to the city on Monday.

Mr. Harry Lansing and Mr. Meredith of Buffalo came down for the hop on Saturday evening, returning home Sunday evening. While here they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone Lansing, at their residence, Woodlawn.

Mr. William Higgins and Miss Higgins of Woodstock have been the guests during the past week of Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray.

One of the best and most enjoyable of the musical concerts given this season in connection with the C. L. S. C. was held in the Queen's theater Friday evening last. The programme, which was an excellent one, consisted of songs by Mrs. Wigmore, Mrs. Murray Dickson, Prof. Johnston, Mrs. Thomson and Mr. W. E. Ramsay, a number of beautifully-rendered pieces by the orchestra, and a recitation (The Quarrel, from Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar) by Mr. Ramsay and Prof. Clark, the latter taking the part of Brutus and the former that of Cassius. Both Mr. Ramsay and the professor displayed most rare dramatic talent, and at the conclusion of the piece they were greeted with prolonged applause, to which, however, they did not respond, greatly to the disappointment of the audience. In the course of the programme Prof. Clark, whose dramatic recitals have made him so famous here this summer, also recited "The Exile" in his usual faultless style. Prof. Johnston's song, "What is an Englishman Made of," won him a very hearty encore, to which he obligingly responded. But the gems of the evening were the comic songs by Mr. W. E. Ramsay, whose name upon the programme always ensures a large audience, and Mrs. Murray Dickson's song, Il Baccio. Master Bert Thompson, in pink tights and spangles, also gave a most wonderfully graceful exhibition of club swinging, the composed self-possession of the little fellow receiving the applause which followed in a most quiet matter-of-fact way. Among the large number—probably six or seven hundred—present I noticed the following delegates from the worlds of fashion and society: His Worship the Mayor and the Misses Paffard, Mr. Groves, the Misses Nelles, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Arnold, Miss Arnold, Rev. Mr. Middleton of Toronto, Miss V. Gimson, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. F. and Miss Gedden, Miss Heward, Mr. G. Heward, Miss E. Russell, Mr. C. Howe, Mrs. and Mr. H. Garrett, Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Miss Marie Hewgill, Mrs. C. Hunter, Mrs. Colquhoun, the Misses Colquhoun, Miss Alma, Mr. Pedro Almas of Toronto, Miss Strathy, Mr. Wilmot Strathy, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Newton, Miss Milloy, Mrs. and Miss Higgins of Woodstock, Miss Baxter, Mrs. McMurray, Miss Gale, Miss M. Gale, Mrs. W. Beardmore, Mr. Downey, Mr. F. Knyvett, Mr. R. Warren, Miss Mills, Mrs. and Miss McGillivray, Mrs. Downey and Miss Mary McKeane.

The concert on Saturday evening also at the Chautauqua Amphitheater, and the last of those delightful entertainments advertised for this season, was not quite as perfect a success as that of Friday evening. It contrast more of the nature of a performance than a concert, in that the programme included the closing exercises of the Chautauqua summer schools, with class exhibitions of club swinging, calisthenics and addresses by the teachers. The members of the different classes—principally young girls who looked most graceful and picturesque in their white dresses, with their fair, fresh faces flushed with the exercises in which they were taking part—were certainly a credit to their teachers, who were doubtless justifiably proud of the advancement their young pupils had made. Miss McGillivray's class, which gave an exhibition of the Delsarte system of gesture, was one of the greatest attractions of the evening, the movements of the fair young teacher and her pupils being marvellously and indescribably graceful. Professor William Clark of Trinity College delivered his excellent lecture on William the Silent at the Chautauqua Amphitheater on Tuesday evening. No lecture given this season has been more thoroughly enjoyed, or listened to with more deep attention and interest, and the vote of thanks tendered him by the chairman at the conclusion of the evening was most earnestly and heartily echoed by all present. Professor Clark returned to Toronto Wednesday morning.

Mr. Wood of London, who played at one or two of the tennis tournaments here with such marked success, is registered at the Queen's.

Mr. Allan Macdougall of Toronto was the guest this week of his brother, Mr. D. B. Macdougall.

GALATEA.

OTTAWA.

The only hymeneal event of any importance since last writing was the marriage of Mr. Frank R. Latchford, a popular young barrister, to Miss Frances Agnes O'Brien, daughter of the late Mr. Stephen O'Brien of Ottawa. The marriage was a quiet affair, only the relatives and a few personal friends of the bride and groom being present. The ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Church, Rev. W. J. Whelan officiating. The bride, who was attired in a traveling dress, looked charming. She was supported by Miss Elizabeth Latchford, sister of the groom, and Mr. J. J. Lyon was best man. The newly-married couple left by an early train for the lower provinces on a wedding tour, followed by the good wishes of their many friends.

The Ottawa residents of Britannia indulged the other evening in an open-air taffy pull, which, according to accounts given by those present, must have been a most amusing affair. The racket took place in a grove of elms, by the light of numerous bonfires, and all received more than enough of the "linked sweetness long drawn out," as the poet remarks. When the sugar was boiling in a huge kettle, the party passed the time in songs, games and stories. The temporary inhabitants of this charming retreat seem to pass their time inventing novel and surprising entertainments to delight their city friends.

Mr. Arthur Weir's new book, the Romance of Sir Richard, has made its appearance in the local booksellers, and as the author has recently married an Ottawa young lady the book is being perused with avidity by his and her many acquaintances.

A gentleman just returned from Boston says that Mrs. Colin Campbell, who eloped from the capital last fall, is living in the Hub. Fred O'Connor, the dashing partner of her flight, is residing in the same city engaged in the humble but honorable occupation of selling shoes.

Mr. Willie Bate, who was so seriously burned a short time ago by the explosion of some alcohol in his uncle's store, is recovering rapidly, and will soon be around again.

An At Home will be given on Friday evening in the mill at Britannia by the members of the Ottawa Bicycle Club residing at that place.

The following Ottawaites have passed the junior matriculation at Toronto University: Miss L. M. Cluff and Miss M. E. Ryckman and Messrs. J. F. Blyth, O. E. Culbert and H. S. MacMillan.

Sir Hector Langevin leaves for the Maritime Provinces in a few days accompanied by his two daughters. He will also visit the Banff Springs in the autumn.

Kettle Island, a camping-out resort a few miles down the river, is now well dotted with tents, some forty or fifty being located there at present.

Dr. O'Brien, who has been in bad health for some time past, is convalescent at Old Orchard Beach.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

M'KEOWN & COMPANY'S

GREAT SALE OF

WET DRY GOODS

GOODS DAMAGED BY WATER FROM ROOF OF STORE

SELLING OFF AT NOMINAL FIGURES TO CLEAR OUT AT ONCE

GIGANTIC REDUCTIONS

IN

Dress Goods, Prints, Sateens, Ginghams, Table Linens, Sheetings, Cottons, Hosiery, Skirting Embroideries, Corsets, Underwear, etc.

Thousands of Bargains in Every Department During This Sale

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McKeown & Company, 182 Yonge Street

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WILL SELL ON

August 15, 16, 17 and 18, 1890

Round Trip Tickets, good for going passage until August 20, and to return until August 21

TORONTO TO St. John and Return $16.70

Halifax and Return $22.70

STOP OVER ALLOWED.

Choice of Following Routes:

Via Short Line (direct route) return same route.
Via Canadian Atlantic International Railway, return same route.
Via Newport, and through the White Mountains and Portland, return same route.

Will be on sale at all Canadian Pacific Railway Stations.

From stations west of Toronto, Single Fare to Toronto added to above rates.

Full particulars from any Agent of the Company, or at Toronto Ticket Offices—118 King Street West, 24 York Street, Union Depot (north side).

West Enders

You need no longer pay street car fare down town and back again to buy cheap clothing. We are underselling our down town competitors inasmuch as our expenses are less, our rents smaller.

MOTHERS, bring your boys to us. We will clothe them to your satisfaction. Remember, we guarantee a fit in every case.

T. K. ROGERS

522 Queen St. West, Toronto

Mr. J. K. Foran has been made an honorary member of the Texas Historical Society of Dallas.

The Rideau Club is undergoing extensive repairs and the members are temporarily quartered at the Russell House, a suite of rooms having been secured there.

Major Hodgins and Major Heron of the Foot Guards, Capt. Ammond and Lieut. Winter of Ottawa have been appointed range officers for the D. R. A. matches.

Sir John and Lady Thompson are expected home next week on the Parisian.

Mr. Sanford Fleming, C.M.G., is at present visiting in Scotland. The date of his return is uncertain.

Mr. Otto Eirhart of Sayn and Dr. Burkhardt and Baron Foullen of Weir, Germany, capitalists with an eye to profitable mineral investments, were in the city this week.

Gen. Sir Fred Middleton and family have left their residence and are at present quartered in the Bodega Chambers, preparatory to leaving the city for England.

Mr. Dollar of San Francisco is in the city with a view of investing a few of his namesakes in phosphates.

Miss Clara Berthiaume of West Bay City, Michigan, is on a visit to the capital. She is stopping with her uncle, Mr. Felix Berthiaume of St. Andrew street.

Miss Murphy of Oxford Mills is visiting at Mr. W. H. Butter's of this city.

Mr. Duncan C. Scott of the Indian Department and Mr. A. Lampman of the Postoffice Department have returned to the city. Mrs. Lampman, the Misses Scott and Miss Gertie Blanchet were also of the party. They report having passed a pleasant time at Les Eboulements.

Mrs. H. B. Ronan has returned to the city from a six weeks' visit to the West. During her absence, Mrs. Ronan visited friends at Kingston, Toronto, St. Catharines and Grimsby Park.

Judge J. R. Sypher of Philadelphia arrived in the city this week and left almost immediately on a fishing excursion up the Blanche River. He was accompanied by Mr. Graham.

A party consisting of Hon. John Costigan, Messrs. Sedegwick, Gerold, Archambault and Gordon and Morrow of Toronto have just returned from a fishing excursion to Lake Bernard and report capital sport.

Mr. Alexander Heney of the Customs, who has been at Old Orchard Beach for the benefit of his health, accompanied by his daughter, has returned home feeling somewhat better.

Mr. Catellier, Under Secretary of State, has returned from his holiday trip to Rimouski.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs, has returned from Belleville whither he went last week.

Mr. James D. Fraser has returned to the city from Halifax, Dr. Savard from Sorel, Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Rosenthal and Dr. Robertson from Old Orchard, Dr. Davidson, I.D.S., from Stanley Island, and Mr. J. H. Burland from a holiday trip.

The following well-known gentlemen and ladies have gone out of town for a brief holiday: Mr. J. F. Whiteaves of the Geological Survey to the Eastern Townships, Mrs. A. Scott, Miss Mary Scott and Miss C. Ross to Pigeon Cove, Boston, Mass.; Messrs. H. A. May and J. M. J. Lefebvre of the Privy Council Department to the East and the Maritime Provinces; Sir Adolphe Caron to Riviere du Loup; Miss Ida Spittal to Ballinville; the Misses Bentley to Quebec; Mr. H. B. Ami of the survey to Scarboro' Beach; Dr. R. W. Ells, also of the geological museum, to Eastern Ontario, Messrs. A. H. and G. N. Gallup to Toronto, Dr. J. C. Booth to St. Paul, Minn., Dr. Powell to Point au Pic, Ald.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

DOLLS AND DOLLS' CHAIRS.

Our Doll Department is well equipped, from a small doll with braided hair for 3c., worth 5c., up to one for 99c., which usually sells for $2 or $2.50. The dealer who sells but few dolls needs pay a large profit and get himself a large profit on not the first cost, but on what HE pays. We are the largest importers and largest sellers of Dolls in the Dominion, and our prices are less than half usually asked, with 400 dozen to select from. We think you can get what you want. Come and see them. We have also the neatest and strongest chairs for them to sit in, beautifully painted—High Chairs, large Arm Chairs and Rockers, 25c. each or three for 70c. These chairs will give more pleasure and satisfaction to children than anything else you could get them for several times the cost. Come and see them.

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Signed .....

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If you wish copies mailed to your friends, send their addresses to us and 25c. each and we will send in a mailing tube post paid any number of copies you desire. A more pleasing evidence that your friends remain unforgotten could not be sent. It contains six full-page half-tone photo-engravings of Canadian scenery and incidents, specially painted for this number by the best Canadian artists; half a dozen half-pages, all original and beautiful, besides a score of copied pictures in the best style of the leading engravers of the United States and Canada.

Where Roads Meet—a story	By E. E. Sheppard
With Victor Hugo	By Louis Frechette
Only a Younger Son	By Seranus
Story of a Skull	By Alex. F. Pirie
Tangles	By Frances Burton Clare
A Sermonette on Guests	By Louise Markscheffel
The Funny Man's Garden	By P. McArthur
Why Smith Never Married	By D. A. McKellar
On a Summer Shore	By William Wilfred Campbell
Indian Summer	By Charles G. D. Roberts
Prairie Sonnets	By Nicholas Flood Davin
Cathedral Peak	By E. W. Sandys
The Idlers	By E. Pauline Johnson
Last Winter; This Summer	By Wm. McLennan
A Legend of the Mackinac	By Grace E. Denison
Crows	By Sophia M. Almon
Berrypicking Time	By Samuel Hunter

And other selections complete the contents of this finest holiday paper issued in Canada.

CARD

Having on hand a large and varied stock of Imported Coats and Vests for Summer wear, and desirous of clearing them out I am offering them at greatly reduced prices. Also a special discount of ten per cent. on all custom work in the next thirty days.

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The Fashionable West End Tailor

No. 1 Rossin House Block

1,500 Boys' 2-piece suits selling at $2.75 during August

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BROWN'S PARIS : : JEWELRY : : STORE

A new line of Novelties just in, consisting of

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All in Old Silver and Very Cheap

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4 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO

GEO. BENGOUGH, Agent.

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

Henderson to Portland and Mr. James Hope to Glasgow, Scotland.

Hon. C. C. Colby, President of the Council, leaves in a few days for England with his son, who recently graduated at Harvard College, and is now going to take a three years' course at some German university.

Mr. J. R. Arnoldi, mechanical engineer of the public works department, left this week with his family and some guests for a trip down the St. Lawrence on board the Government yacht.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. J. Parker gave an At Home on Saturday afternoon at the residence, George street. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Parker, Rev. H. G. Parker and Mr. Harry Parker. It was a very pleasant affair. Miss Maud Burdette rendered a vocal solo, Miss Mabel Willson gave a piano solo, and Mr. Frank Hambly gave a violin solo. Rev. H. G. Parker gave a song accompanied on the piano by Miss Maud Burdette.

Mrs. J. H. Simpson gave a "yellow" reception on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her sister, Miss Queenie Campbell of Syracuse, N. Y., who is her guest. The refreshment room was beautifully decorated with golden rod, yellow ribbons, etc. Among the guests present were: Mrs. Henry Corby, Mrs. B. S. Willson, Miss Blanche Willson, the Misses Chandler, Miss Murney, Mrs. Falkiner, Miss Falkiner, Miss Mary Falkiner, Mrs. J. T. Ashcroft, Mrs. Glass, Mrs. S. Lazier, Mrs. Burdette, Miss Maud Burdette, Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Stork. The same evening Mrs. Simpson gave a small progressive euchre party for young people.

Mr. George Biggar is in town.

Mr. John Crozier and family are at the Kyle House.

Mr. Napier Robinson spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. Simcoe and Mrs. Daly of Woodstock are in the city for a few days, the guests of Mrs. Thomas Wills, Hillcrest. Mrs. Wills was At Home on Wednesday evening, and a large number availed themselves of the opportunity to meet Mrs. Daly. Mr. Daly is justly very popular in Belleville, being one of the severely wounded heroes of Batoche, a member of the Belleville contingent of the famous Midland Batt.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Murphy took a trip recently to Quebec and the Saguenay.

Dr. A. G. Wills has returned from his trip to the west.

Evils of Racing.

Employer (warningly)—I am informed, sir, that you attend horse races and bet on them.

Clerk (coolly)—I won a thousand dollars last week.

Employer (excitedly)—Where d'ye get yr tips?—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Mild Protest.

Dasher—I hope you don't object to my smoking.

Rev. Mr. Mylde—N—not in the least, if—you don't object to my being sick.

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GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

RICHARDSON—At Toronto, on August 10, Mrs. George A. Richardson—a son.

GOODERHAM—At Toronto, on August 8, Mrs. W. G. Gooderham—a son.

GOULD—At Toronto, on July 28, Mrs. R. J. Gould—a daughter.

MACPHERSON—At Toronto, on August 7, Mrs. William Macpherson—a son.

GRIMSHAWE—At Whitaside Cove, North Carolina, on July 29, Mrs. T. Grimshawe—a daughter.

HELLIWELL—At Toronto, on August 7, Mrs. Grant Helliwell—a son.

PEARSON—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. John F. Pearson—a son.

McLAUGHLIN—At Toronto, on August 4, Mrs Thomas McLaughlin—a son.

BEAKES—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. Frank R. Beakes—a daughter.

MARTIN—At Toronto, on August 12, Mrs. John M. Martin—a daughter.

JEFFREY—At Tonawanda, N. Y., on August 9, Mrs. Harry Jeffrey—a son.

CHORMANN—At Toronto, on August 12, Mrs. P. J. Chormann—twin boys.

FRANCIS—At Toronto, on August 11, Mrs. Wellington Francis—a daughter.

HOLLAND—At Toronto, on August 11, Mrs. W. H. Holland—a son.

STEVENSON—At North Toronto, on August 10, Mrs. Thomas E. Stevenson—a son.

WEBBER—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. R. Codrington Webber—a daughter, still born.

SULMAN—At Chatham, on August 9, Mrs. G. W. Sulman—a son.

ATKINS—At Toronto, on August 9, Mrs. T. J. Atkins—a daughter.

MORRIS—At Deseronto, on August 7, Mrs. Edward D. Morris—a daughter.

BOYD—At Toronto, on August 11, Mrs. J. M. Boyd—a daughter.

MURDOCH—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. C. H. Murdoch—a son.

THOMSON—At Hamilton, on August 12, Mrs. G. C. Thomson—a daughter.

WILSON—At Toronto, on August 13, Mrs R. J. Wilson—a son.

Marriages.

COCHRAN—McCLUNG—At Newcastle, Ont., on August 6, George I. Cochran of Los Angeles, California, to Alice Maud McClung.

ELLIS—DE LA MATTER—At Owen Sound, on August 5, George D. Ellis of Barrie to Mary Edith De La Matter.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH—GUERNSEY—At Port Hope, on August 6, Joseph James Featherstonhaugh of Toronto to Alice Mary Amelia (Minnie) Guernsey.

GREGG—ANGUS—At Montreal, on August 5, William R. Gregg of Toronto to Grace Wyeth Angus.

HASLAM—BRENT—At Newcastle, Ont., on August 7, Rev. George Haslam of Lunenburg, N. S., to Mabel Mary Brent.

McLEOD—BRANDON—At Cannington, on August 6, Dr. Donald McLeod of Duntroon to Martha Brandon.

NICHOLSON—HILLS—At Toronto, on August 7, J. Bethel Nicholson to Mary Hess Hills.

EDMANSON—DEWSON—At Bradford, on August 5, W. J. Edmanson to Ellie Dewson.

PEPLER—DENISON—At Toronto, on August 11, Ernest Eyres Pepler to Mrs. Augusta Sheffield Denison.

O'HALLORAN—O'HALLORAN—At Toronto, on August 11, D. J. O'Halloran to Mary E. O'Halloran.

ROBERTS—HUMME—At Huntsville, on July 30, Mr. Percy Roberts of Toronto to Miss Frida C. Humme of Muskoka.

EASTWOOD—PAXTON—At Whitby, on August 12, Mr. John F. Eastwood, M.B., of Pickering, and Miss Georgina Victoria Paxton.

Deaths.

MORRISON—At Toronto, on August 8, David Morrison, aged 84 years.

PURSEL—At Simcoe, on August 8, Mrs. H. Webster Pursel, aged 26 years.

PASSMORE—At Toronto, on August 9, Samuel W. Passmore, aged 89 years.

CROSBY—At Toronto, on August 10, James, infant son of Alexander and Jane Crosby.

NESBITT—At Central Island, on August 10, Charles Hubbard Nesbitt, aged 10 months.

PARKER—At Toronto, on August 10, Elizabeth Parker, aged 51 years.

CARROLL—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. Beulah Evartta Adams Carroll, aged 80 years.

DINNICK—At Toronto, on August 8, William Wesley Dinnick, aged 12 years.

GRUPE—At Toronto, on August 8, Natalie Sophia (Nettie) Grupe, aged 17 years.

HAWKESWORTH—At Toronto, on August 8, Mrs. Peter Hawkesworth, aged 52 years.

MacGILLIVRAY—At Toronto, on August 8, Mrs. W. L. MacGillivray.

WADSWORTH—At Weston, on August 8, William Reles Wadsworth, aged 87 years.

DRINKWATER—At Orillia, on August 9, Dorothy Grace, infant daughter of Sumner and Katherine Drinkwater.

PATTYSON—At Servyn, on August 3, Rev. W. M. Pattyson, aged 67 years.

JOHNSTONE—At Toronto, on August 12, Almira Johnstone, aged 71 years.

NOTTINGHAM—At Toronto, on August 4, Mrs. John Nottingham.

STEPHENS—At Collingwood, on August 9, William Frank Stephens, aged 1 year.

HOLMES—At Brampton, on August 5, Mrs. Maria Holmes.

McCLELLAND—At Toronto, on August 11, Joseph McClelland, aged 56 years.

DUGAN—At Hamilton, on August 11, Elizabeth Dugan, aged 70 years.

POWER—At Toronto, on August 11, Mrs. Richard Power, aged 22 years.

GRAHAM—At Toronto, on August 7, Mrs. Mary T. Graham, aged 73 years.

CONRON—At Weston, on August 12, Laura T. Conron.

JACKSON—At Oakville, August 8, Emily Jackson (nee Pullen) beloved wife of E. H. Jackson, aged 22 years.

CUTHBERTSON—At Toronto, on August 13, Mrs. James R. Cuthbertson.

CURZON—At Toronto, on August 13, Fred W. Curzon, aged 27 years.

McBRIDE—At Egbert, on August 13, David James McBride, aged 23 years.

KERR—At Woodstock, August 13, Cornelius Kerr, aged 56 years.

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KINSMEN DIE
ONE'S SELF DIES TOO
BUT THE FAME NEVER
DIES OF HIM WHO HAS
WON A GOOD NAME"
NORSE SAGA

THE FAME OF
NESTLE'S FOOD
WILL NEVER DIE
IT HAS WON FOR ITSELF A GOOD NAME

It came into existence twenty-three years ago in response to a great cry for help from mothers in European cities, whose children were dying from Cholera Infantum. From that time on NESTLE'S FOOD has been regarded as the safest diet and best preventive of Cholera Infantum and other Summer Complaints.

A sample will be sent to any mother mentioning this paper.

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DURING AUGUST

Positive Mark Down in All Departments

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Purses—1,000 sample Purses on sale, no two alike. Prices from 10c. to $1 each, and a nice assortment of Chtelaine Bags in felt and leather from 30c. each.

Silverware, all quadruple plate, at manufacturer's prices.

Perfumes—Colgate's, Rimmel's, Lubin's and other noted makers at lowest prices.

Soap—Pear's, 11c; Colgate's Castile, 10c.; Cashmere Bouquet, 27c.; Turkish, 9c.

Tappan's, Colgate's and Pear's Face Powders—"White Mist," "Pallenine," "Bon Bonnaire," &c.

Bay Rum, 40c., and Vaseline, 12c., warranted pure; Puff Boxes, 12½c.; Whisks, 5c.; Hair Brushes, with mirror, 25c.; Combs, from 5c.; Fans, 100 different kinds, from 10c.; Knives, Scissors, Fancy Hair Pins, Jewelry, Bells, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Sponges, Toilet Sets in Zylonite, beautiful goods, equal to tortoise shell, amber and ivory.

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JUST RECEIVED
= 300 =
GERMAN SAMPLE MANTLES
No Two Alike. New and Very Stylish
In order to make room for our regular stock we will give 25 per cent. off every Coat bought this month.
A deposit of $2 will secure one. Come and have first choice.
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240 and 242 Yonge Street

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AS THE MOST PERFECT PIANOFORTE
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